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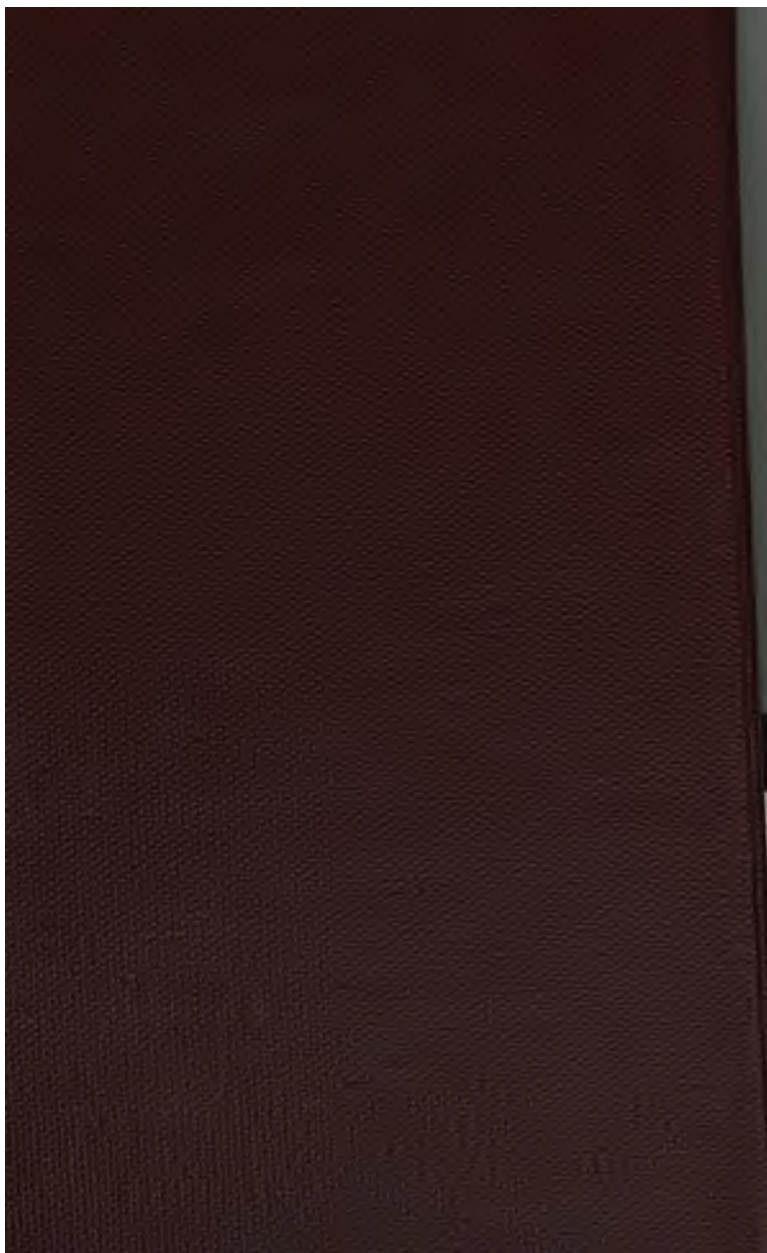
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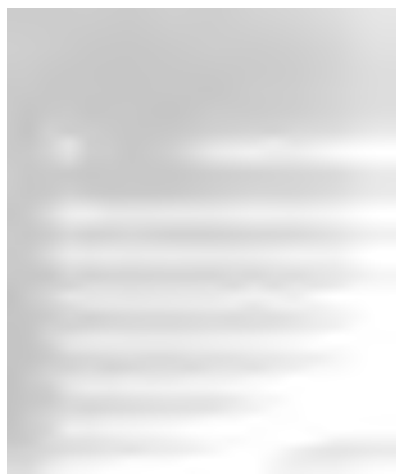


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Yours truly
J. H. Fulton

LIFE,
PRESENT AND FUTURE:

OR,

**LIFE IN THE SENSES;
LIFE IN SOCIETY;
LIFE IN THE INTELLECT;
LIFE IN RELIGION;
LIFE IN ETERNITY.**

BY J. H. TUTTLE.

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

Bailev.



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PREFACE.

THE following discourses were originally written and delivered before a Sabbath congregation, without any expectation that they would ever appear in this form. But the unexpected interest manifested by those who listened to them at first, added to the fact that about a year subsequent to this, a request was made to have them repeated before the same audience, finally induced me to comply with a very general desire for their publication.

As they are thus given to the world, let me say to those who may take the trouble to read them, that the object of the discour-

scs is not to present a strictly scientific analysis of Life in all its forms, but simply to suggest such thoughts, doctrinal and practical, as shall tend to improve the popular mind. If, therefore, any person on rising from a perusal of these pages, shall find himself imbued with a deeper love for God, a stronger faith in Christianity, and a nobler conception of his present and future destiny, my prayers and labors will not have been in vain.

J. H. T.

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LIFE IN THE SENSES.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.—GEN. II: 7.

WHAT a mystery is life. Life, in its simplest forms, in the seed, flower or tree—how marvellous are all its laws and movements. There is a power which opens the tiny germ, unfolds the rose-bud, converts the acorn into an oak, and paints its beauty on all the fields—a power which acts and breathes through all the universe—but no wisdom of ours can fathom its secrets nor analyze its essence. It comes and goes, we know not whence nor whither. We cannot follow its winding paths nor traverse its endless depths and heights.

And this mystery deepens as we ascend the scale of life, as we trace it in subtler and more complicated forms. Life in the plant is simply motion, growth or circulation. Life in the animal is motion, growth and circulation, added to sensation and a certain degree of intelligence.* But the crowning marvel of all is life in man—life which unites the problem of plants and animals with the still nobler and grander problem of mind; which

*It is difficult to determine where vegetable life *ends* and animal life begins. The exact point of contact is so indistinct, that naturalists were for a long time deceived and unable to decide whether to place the *sponge*, for instance, upon the one side or the other. The plant, although it has a certain irritability of fibre, has, strictly speaking, no sensation; while the animal suffers pain and receives pleasure. This susceptibility of undergoing pain and pleasure, increases, of course, as we ascend from the lower to the higher order of animals. There is some difficulty, too, in deciding precisely where animal life unites with human life. The animal has a certain degree of intelligence. He has memory. He seeks to avoid objects which cause him pain, and thus shows that he possesses judgment, that he carries on a process of reasoning. But man possesses a superior order of intelligence. His reason takes a larger range, and therefore, although we cannot easily say where the difference starts, we see plainly that there *is* a difference, and also that it is very great.

links the finite with the infinite, dust with spirit, and earth with heaven. How it is that the flower opens and closes its leaves, how it picks up with its invisible fingers all the requisite substances, and transforms them into such exquisite beauty; how the tree opens its millions of mouths to receive the food that nature sends it; how it is that animals can walk, and see, and hear, and taste, and feel; how their fleshly muscles contract and their thousand delicate nerves become the media of instinct, no science can tell. But when we look at the still more varied and endless system of human life; when we see mere dust woven into a garment for intellect, a clod of the ground transfused with love, nerves and muscles married on to a soul—why, this is enough to awe and utterly confound us. Here all mystery centres. Here come all the wonders of matter, and all the wonders

of thought. In this link of creation have met the finest organism of material substance and perhaps the finest organism of spirit. In this problem are swallowed up the mightiest questions of time and eternity.

We are not surprised, therefore, to learn on both geological and scriptural authority, that man was left as the last and crowning work of creation. All the orders, types and developments of previous ages, ultimated in him, produced in him the highest perfection of material life. I do not say that man was born out of these forms before him, as the stalk is born out of the seed, or the oak out of the acorn; but God waited until all inferior forms had passed, until the earth was matured and fitted for man's reception. When matter had travelled up to its highest point, when other existences had reached the end of their progress, then came man, the subli-

mated glory of all. His body was formed out of the "*dust of the ground*," the *same* ground, the same material elements that constituted all the physical organisms which preceded it, and yet, it *far excelled* all others in variety and harmony of parts, in beauty and delicacy of texture, in combination of uses, and in majesty of movement. It excelled all others in material structure, as it was destined to excel all others in material ends. God breathed into this body, this organism of clay, "*the breath of life, and man became a living SOUL*"—not a living *plant*, nor a living *animal*, but a living SOUL—a living, thinking, reasoning, loving, immortal intelligence. That moulded earth became the honored tabernacle of mind. Those beautiful features were lighted with the fires of thought, and that noble brow served as the temple-dome of genius. That whole physical system was

permeated and vitalized by Heaven's divinest power.

How this assimilation of matter and spirit was effected ; how the affections were thus encompassed with flesh and blood ; how the soul was seated behind the nerves and muscles to use them as reins for controlling the body ; how the physical and mental organs were adjusted one to the other ; how the soul could see with those eyes, hear with those ears, feel with those nerves, work with those hands, and speak with that tongue, is a mystery that has never been solved. Confounded and puzzled at the fact before us, we can only exclaim with the Psalmist, that man was "*fearfully and wonderfully made.*"

In discussing the life of man, then, our subject, you see at once, must take a wide range. It begins with the body and ends with the mind ; it starts on earth and stretch-

es over the endless future. It comprehends the physical with all its feelings and pleasures, and the mind with all its relations and thoughts. In other words, it comprehends LIFE IN THE SENSES; LIFE IN SOCIETY; LIFE IN THE INTELLECT; LIFE IN RELIGION; LIFE IN ETERNITY. As the first in this rising series of man's existence, I invite your attention on this occasion to

LIFE IN THE SENSES.

Life *begins* in the senses; that is, the physical man is developed and reaches maturity before the social or the intellectual. The child eats, and sleeps, before it loves or thinks. Its strength of body outruns its strength of mind. But this unequal pace continues only a few years; for, while the physical, having reached its acme of growth, its fulness of stature, stops and remains there,

and even falls back again, the mind, so dim, feeble, and tardy at first, pushing gradually forward, passes the goal where the former attains its height, and continues on with accelerating force forever. Childhood and youth are distinguished for physical energy and physical enjoyment; but when these periods are passing away, the mind assumes the ascendancy, and enlarges its sphere.* This fact is demonstrated not only in man as an individual, but also in the race at large. If the dim light of ancient history does not deceive us, our race began its life in the senses. It was characterized, at first, not by any moral or angelic perfection, but by those

*The power of instinct, so common to animals, but which has comparatively so little to do with man, is exhibited in the infant. It retires, however, or becomes inactive at the approach of reason. Next after instinct, comes physical sensation, which also soon falls into the rear of mind. And so we discover that, although life begins in the physical, it has less and less use for the physical, as it ascends in the sphere of thought.

qualities which attach themselves to the lower planes of humanity.* It had its physical giants, its physical weapons, physical wars, physical pleasures, and even its physical gods. The career of human existence since those early periods, has been marked by a gradual progress from gross materialism to higher conditions of intelligence and civilization. It is, therefore, a fixed and imperative law of our nature, that life shall be born, nursed and cradled in the senses,—shall make its first experiments and achieve its first glory under the dominion of flesh and blood.

I observe, again, that life not only starts from the goal of the senses, but also, that it never wholly leaves the senses until the

* Our race is not a mass of *fallen* angels, but rather a mass of beings starting in a lower sphere, and destined to become angels. The progress is *upwards*, not *downwards*.

moment of death. As already stated, the intellect soon crowds them into the back ground, and stamps them with the mark of inferiority; but they follow the intellect as the shadows follow the sun, until the night of the grave. There is no power to slip off these earthly passions, to unwind "this mortal coil," and set us free of dust, except the power that finally carries us out of this world up to higher and happier spheres. No matter what summits the spirit is able to scale, what moral and scientific triumphs it finally achieves, it cannot, in this world, detach itself wholly from physical influences.

Some persons, with a strange, infatuated zeal, have made attempts to resist and ignore their mortal nature. They have tried to turn their backs on the world, have shut themselves up in solitary caves, and dungeons, or, what is nearly the same, in religious cloisters

and nunneries; but the body followed them nevertheless. Their flesh and blood stuck to them, and they could not shake them off. Their unconquered appetite still cried for food, and thirsted for water. Their tired, exhausted nature begged for repose; their mortal flesh throbbed and quivered with pain; sickness laid them low on their helpless couch, and finally, death came with its last and painful struggles. How vain, then, are all such efforts to bury the body before its time, to trample the senses under foot while they still hold fast to the mind.

Having shown that life begins in the senses, that it cannot step out of the senses till death opens the door, I now observe that every person should *cultivate* and *obey* his physical nature.

He should cultivate and answer all the wants of his physical nature; first, because

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the intellect is greatly improved thereby. It is through the senses, through the physical organs, that the soul now acts. They are the media, the avenues through which the soul gives and gets. The mind sees through these eyes, hears through these ears, feels through these nerves, and speaks through this tongue. These various faculties are the channels through which God pours in light, and sound, and beauty, upon us; the fleshly windows that open and close between us and the outer world.

I do not say, of course, that *all* the action of mind is through the senses. It has, doubtless, other modes of sending out its thoughts and of calling in its facts; other means for receiving God's numerous blessings; but the common, ordinary path of ingress and egress, at present, at least, lies along the physical functions. To satisfy ourselves of this fact,

we have only to look at the idiotic and insane. What causes those wild ravings, those distorted looks, and confused thoughts of the lunatic? The *mind*, the inward *soul* is not mad. The *spirit* is not diseased. The difficulty does not lie deeper than the physical organs. The faculties on which the mind plays, are out of tune; and hence these discordant notes. The outward machinery is disarranged, and thus the thoughts flow irregularly. Restore the *health*, and you often restore the *mind*. The condition or form of an idiot's head, shows that the imbecility is seated in the brain; that he cannot think because a physical function is absent. The mind is shut up in a dungeon, the fleshly windows are closed, and all communication with external facts is cut off. If the intellect itself is insane, or idiotic, then insanity and idiocy are eternal! But who

believes that?—that the mad man will go mumbling his errors and shrieking his woes through all the endless future?—that imbecility will follow the spirit forever, that no ray of light will penetrate that dark soul-chamber even when God lays it under the broad noon of heaven?

It is a fact everywhere seen, that the action of mind depends immensely on the development and tone of the body; and hence, a knowledge of physiology, of the laws of health, of every thing pertaining to physical soundness is indispensable; hence the exhortation of Paul, that “ye present your *bodies* a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” It is one encouraging feature of the present age, one of the sure signs of human progress, that academies, colleges, and school committees, are beginning to realize that sound bodies,



pure air, and pleasant surroundings, are mighty auxiliaries in the march of civilization—that food, and clothes, and comfortable houses must precede any and all attempts at gospelizing the race. And in view of such important truths as these, how shall we escape the conclusion that every person is morally bound to heed his physical wants?—to cultivate and keep in tune his bodily organism? It has been said, and with some degree of plausibility, too, that no one can be a Christian who lacks a healthy body—that those thoughts and prayers which find their way out through the mire and corruption of a diseased function, are more or less impure. It is certainly true that no one can be a Christian who *knowingly* transgresses his physical nature, who *knowingly* and *wilfully* abuses, weakens, and disarranges the material frame-work. For is it no sin to

steep our senses in bad air and poisonous drugs, and thus obstruct the power of thought?—thus render us liable to sickness, or insanity, or death? Is there no guilt in *suicide*, whether effected by one single stroke, or by years of dissipation? Let it henceforth, then, be regarded as one step in Christian conversion, as one sign of piety that a man looks carefully after his physical conditions, that he opens his senses to the freest, purest exercise of thought.

In the next place, it may be observed that a large share of our present happiness comes through the senses. God *designed* them as sources of pleasure. He gave us eyes, and ears, and taste, and feeling as means of enjoyment; and thus, to *close* our eyes, and ears, to ignore our physical relations, is something more than harming ourselves; it is censuring God. And yet, there is a kind of re-

ligion which tries to make us believe that, any pleasure which takes its root in the senses, which comes from seeing, or tasting, or hearing, is impious, unworthy the attention of Christians. "ST. BERNARD," it is said "walked all day, six or seven hundred years ago, by the shores of the Lake of Geneva, with one of the most glorious prospects in the whole world before him—mountain, lake, river, clouds, gardens, every thing to bless the eye—and that monk never saw any thing all day long!—He was thinking about religion, and when he reached home, some one spoke to him of the beauty he must have seen; and the austere, sour-hearted monk said he had seen *nothing*." This fact is related of him as evidence of exalted piety; but was it not a *diseased* piety? Was it not a mere superstition which thus endeavored to disconnect itself from every thing around it?—which

professed to love God but hated his works; which tried to reverence the invisible, but condemned and scouted the visible? Would not that monk have shown a better piety if he had said to himself, "the wise and infinite God upheaved these mountains, and hollowed a place for this lake. My good Father in heaven, created and planted these flowers which smile along my path, laid out these broad meadows and green hill-sides which lie open before my vision, and thus I will gaze on them, and strive to learn from them what God is; I will look for his image in this lovely landscape, for a trace of his wisdom, and infinite skill." When asked what he had seen, would he not have shown a greater reverence for God, if he had said "I have feasted my eyes all day on one of the loveliest of God's pictures, and thereby felt myself lifted up to him through a sense



of the beautiful." That same ST. BERNARD often boasted "that he only *eat* his dinner, but never *tasted* it," deeming it a sin to acknowledge such a mean, low pleasure as that. But did he not commit a sin in trying to avoid it? At least was not that wrong which he regarded as right? Was it not, in effect, scorning his infinite Maker thus to ignore and condemn a natural law? Should he not rather have said on sitting down to his meal, "O, Father in Heaven, I thank Thee for daily bread, and for that appetite, that law of taste, which makes my bread so sweet; I thank Thee that duty and pleasure have been combined, that what is necessary to preserve my life does also add to my happiness—that even the lowest sense is linked with some benevolent purpose." It is my conviction, then, that a religion which crucifies a natural law, is no less to blame than

that which crucifies a Saviour. He who says to any natural function of his body, to any law of his being, "I know *it* not," is brother to Peter, who said of his master "I know *him* not;" he who tramples the flowers under his feet, scouts at the sunshine, sneers at the birds, and brooks, and summer fields, is cousin to him who scoffs at the Bible. He who denies the authority of God in *nature*, is no less an Atheist than he who denies the authority of God in *scripture*. Jesus, our pattern of moral excellence, our model of consistency, he who came the nearest to earth and rose the nearest to God, denied the authority of neither revelation. He quoted the sayings of Prophets, and also pointed to the lilies of the field, and said, "See, how God has clothed these in a richer vest than Solomon's." He recited the inspired words of Moses, and also exclaimed, "Behold the

fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." "That great soul which made an ox's crib at Bethlehem holy ground, and the central point of many a pilgrimage, never flouted at God's world. He saw a lesson in the flight of the raven; in the savorless salt there was a sermon; there was a beatitude in the dry grass of the baking-kettle of a poor woman in the company going up to Jerusalem to hear him preach."

And hence, a religion which does not open its eyes to see, nor its ears to hear, the beautiful in nature, as well as the beautiful in scripture, is one-sided and hollow. All this kind of talk about forgetting the pleasure of sense, of drawing ourselves within ourselves and forsaking the outward world, is mere cant. It is not piety, it is not reli-

gion, it is not reason; it is simply fanaticism. Think you that God has made this world so fair, fringed our path with flowers, scattered such loveliness over the earth and skies, and never meant that man should see it? Think you that God has tuned this great orchestra of nature, taught the birds to sing their summer songs, the brooks to hymn their vernal melodies, the winds to sweep their eolian lyres, and never designed that man should hear them? Think you that God has laden the air with sweets, dropped odors on all our summer walks, perfumed our gardens, apple-orchards and orange groves, but made it impious in us to stop and enjoy them? Think you that God has given us appetite and food to satisfy it, thirst and water to quench it, and yet has made the delectable act of eating and drinking a sin? Let us believe, rather, that the good Father sends us blessings through



every bodily organ ; that food is sweet, and water refreshing ; that beauty delights and music enchants, because God has so adjusted the inner and outer world as to make every nerve, and law, and function, and object, a vehicle of some kind good to man.

That there is pleasure derived from life in the senses, is manifest in the animal creation. The cattle that "graze on a thousand hills," the flocks that feed in the valleys, the beasts in forests and jungles, the bee that goes humming its hymn from flower to flower, the robin that comes to announce the return of spring, the lark that darts up and sings its song in the gray dawn, the swallows that twitter round our chimneys and roofs, or the myriads of insects that flit in the golden beams of an August sun, all these seem to find delight in living. If man is sad, if his days drag wearily and existence seems a

curse, let him go out and learn a lesson of the beasts and birds, of the wriggling worm that tries to escape his foot; yea, let him learn a lesson of every microscopic creature that peoples the earth, air or sea. Let him learn a lesson, indeed, from even inanimate matter. The flower that looks up smilingly beside our garden walks, the violet that blossoms on the grave of some dear friend; the waving grain, the yellow corn, the fluttering leaf, the rippling stream, the wide meadows and green hill-sides, all these speak a kind of happiness, and render praise to him who made them. The awakening dawn thrusting its rosy fingers through the curtain of night, and sending its broad smile over the eastern sky, the rays of an autumn sunset flooding the fields and mountain summits, the myriad stars that look down so silently on the midnight hour, all these re-



buke that blind and gloomy spirit which sees no good in the lowest form of life.

But how much greater, wider, and more prolific of pleasure, is man's life in the senses. It opens its many doors to instinct and feeling in the animal, but the same doors are opened to mind, to thought and love in man. Seeing, hearing, tasting, scenting, feeling, are means of enjoyment to all the creatures which God has made, — to what extent we know not; but of how much greater happiness to us who use them as channels of thought, of poetic sentiment, of affectional emotion, and spiritual worship.* That life has *higher* joys than any the senses can give, I do not doubt; but it has none more right

* Some of the senses are more acute in some animals than in man. They *need* to be so, because they partially supply the place of reason. But they have the power of imparting a thousand-fold more delight to man, since they lead into a larger range of susceptibility and serve a superior nature.

or innocent. The question is not whether man shall live in the senses *only*, whether he shall be an animal and nothing more, but whether he shall act on God's plan, and, at present, unite the animal and spiritual together; whether he shall trample on, abuse, ignore his earthly nature, or obey its laws; whether he shall say it is mean and wicked to admire a flower, to taste our food, or, that we ought to be grateful for even the smallest joy that life can give, and search for others yet deeper and higher. At present, we may not only look *at*, but "*through* nature up to nature's God." Now, we gather bliss from sights and sounds; we feast on odors and viands; we love our gardens, and hills, and rivers, and make these the ladder on which we climb to those intellectual summits the animal can never reach.

Finally, I observe that life in the senses is

lost to us in two ways, first, by indulging that morbid piety which condemns it as something sinful, and secondly, by giving it too much *license*, and thereby making it a source of misery. Having already pointed out the former folly, I now speak of the latter.

There is a theory which affirms that all our ideas, all our operations of thought, begin and end in the senses; that what we call mind is only the senses transformed; in other words, that man has nothing in him *above* or *distinct* from the senses. This theory is called *Sensualism*. But it is a false theory. These physical functions that play so important a part in our present life, are not the soul itself, but they are simply the organs through which the soul acts. They are the inlets and outlets of the mind which lies behind them. Overlooking, or disre-

garding this fact, not a few persons seek for pleasure in sense only. They strive for nothing above seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and thus they become mere SENSUALISTS. This class of persons project their physical life beyond its proper limits. Their appetite for food—innocent enough while under restraint—is left to push itself headlong into gluttony; their thirst for drink, not controlled by instinct, as it is in the animal, not controlled by reason as it *should* be in man, often overleaps the boundaries of moderation and temperance, and ends in drunkenness; their love of music, of beauty, of poetic feeling, sometimes runs wild in voluptuous excitement. Their unchecked passions drag them on to licentiousness, burn up every noble, and manly, and virtuous sentiment, and leave their victims a moral wreck. Now, what I mean by life in

the senses, is not gluttony, nor drunkenness, nor voluptuous excitement, nor licentiousness, nor worldly vulgarism and meanness; it is a natural, harmonious, virtuous, temperate life — a life that neither rejects nor abuses its physical relations.

A true life in the senses, is one which uses the physical for noble ends — which sanctifies the body and all its functions with an underlying purity of spirit — which gathers up and thankfully accepts all the good that this world can give. It is a life which tries to see all that God has made to be seen, to hear all he has made to be heard, to taste all he has made to be tasted, and to enjoy all he has made to be enjoyed.

LIFE IN SOCIETY.

It is not good that man should be alone.—GEN. II: 18.

"It is not good that man should be alone," since he was made for society. God gave him a social nature, endowed him with faculties which seek a fellow nature. As matter attracts matter, so man attracts man. As the flowers want light, as the earth wants rain, so the heart wants sympathy. As well might you attempt to convert the ocean into isolated drops, or the air into lonely separate particles, or the globe into disconnected individual sands, as to break up the association of mind with mind. Society is the outgrowth of a fixed and universal law, the unfolding of a common nature. It is a neces-



sity, as much a necessity as eating, sleeping, or gravitation. The constitution of man, his wants, his yearnings, his words, his acts, reveal his destiny in this respect, as certainly as the wings of a bird show that it was made for flying, or the feet of an ox that it was made for walking. Deprive the ox of his feet, the bird of its wings, and you have done no crueller thing than when you have shut a human being out of society. Man is not man by himself alone. He cannot think as a man, nor love as a man, nor live, nor die as a man, unless his thinking, loving, living and dying find responses in other kindred souls. The very terms by which we distinguish a human being, the attributes and qualities we attach to him, imply relations beyond himself. Such terms as mercy, friendship, gratitude, love, are at least dualities,—qualities which signify an intimate

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union of soul with soul. And thus w
God affirmed of man ages ago, has been
affirmed in his own eternal nature.

"It is not good that man should be alo
because a large share of his happiness co
through society. As the power which fr
the apple-blossom, comes first through
roots, and then through the trunk
branches of its parent tree, so the sweet
odorous juices of life, must necessarily c
up through the roots, trunk and branche
a common brotherhood. Strip life of its
cial relations, its loves, its friendships,
sympathies, its family circles, its private
public gatherings, and what is left? Th
is left the communion of our own se
thoughts, the chill, desolate echo of y
own voice — and that is something —
is *much*, indeed, but who would willir
accept of life, or stay in this wide w

with nothing more? Who of us could thank our Maker for living at all, if no smile met our smile, no hand touched our hand, and no love answered our love?

The poor deluded nun, who veils her face, and flies away to a life-long dungeon, who shuts her thoughts, her affections, and her ambition between the narrow walls of a religious prison, is spoken of as an instance of remarkable piety and self-denial. Well, although there's not much piety in the act, it is a great sacrifice of *self*. No mortal act was ever more so. It shows a courage, a firmness, a heroism, which few women possess; but, it should occur to those who bring it forward to prove what religion is capable of, that the *difficulty* of such self-immolation is an argument against its *propriety*. It shows how unnatural, how unlawful, how revolting the act is. Like murder, or theft, it is a

struggle against *nature*, and therefore *impi-*
ous. It is like the ancient, cruel custom of
cutting out the eyes of a bird that it might
sing the sweeter! It is trying to intensify
one half of nature by sacrificing the other
half; but the absence of one faculty must
always weaken the others. A sightless bird
may touch his song with a sadder tone; but
~~is~~ it sweeter, is it stronger, does it fill our ear
like the feathered minstrel, who, unharmed,
and uncontrolled by the wickedness of man,
has the freedom of summer skies and gor-
geous woods? The veiled imprisoned nun,
may get from her self-denial a gloomier cast
of thought, a deeper tinge of sorrow; her
impudent sacrifice may carry with it the be-
wilderling charms of romance; her sacred
rosaries and silent vespers may impart a
certain seriousness to all her acts; but is her
piety so free, so vigorous, so healthy, so true,



as the woman who gives her earnest devotional soul the liberty of all the varied scenes of human society? Is that piety which spends itself in a ceaseless round of secluded forms, which sets up a life-long quarrel with its God-given self, to be compared at all with that piety which obeys the hints of nature—which goes out and meets face to face all the trials, sorrows and duties of an associated humanity; that piety which lifts at the wheel of reform, which goes about from door to door, with looks and words of love—which accepts and faithfully fulfils the duties of home, of citizenship, of the store, the shop, the farm, the church? The same reasoning which allows a man or woman to leave their fellow race, to build impassable walls between themselves and society, would find excuse for cutting off our hands, or feet, or even suicide itself. It may

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at times, seem a relief to slide away from all this noise and strife, to sit ourselves down in some quiet spot, some curtained room, some anchorite's cave, or some holy cloister, where the world never comes, where the beggar never thrusts his hand, the bigot never scoffs, and men never cheat; but, it should be remembered that whatever pleasure is got from a temporary absence, even this soon darkens and tires. Once there, and the weary, jaded mind has again assumed its natural tone, we long for the scenes we left behind. The very stillness oppresses us, and we soon cry out

"Oh solitude! where are the charms,
That *sages* have seen in thy face;
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than *reign* in this horrible place."

Our soul yearns for human sympathy, our thoughts clamor for utterance, our affections seek for reciprocity, and we welcome

again the sights and sounds of social life. We learn, at last, that the world which breeds our cares, alone affords a refuge from them; that the hand which puts our burdens on, alone can take them off. God never offers a premium for disobeying his laws; he never gives rest to him who flies from duty.

"It is not good that man should be alone," because he needs the *discipline* which social life affords.

After all our regrets over these stormy conflicts and jarring interests of life, such things help to strengthen and develop our manhood. As frost ripens fruit, so does trouble ripen thought. The very waves which toss us about and threaten to wreck our bark, carry us on to the desired haven, at last. Our frequent collisions, if they sometimes blunt our confidence, do also sharpen our wisdom. These social earth-

quakes which cause the ground to groan and quiver under our feet, which swallow up our hopes and shake in pieces our rotten theories, do also test our faith and widen our experience. Even deception is the lever that pries open our mental eyelids, the key that unlocks the secrecy of human nature. Society is a school, and social experience our school-master. To run away from social life, then, away from the world's cares, business and trials, is to run away from our teachers,—away from the influences which ennoble and dignify our manhood.

"It is not good that man should be alone," because he needs the influence of sympathy and competition to push him on to exertion. Every one knows that solitude begets indifference—idleness. He who hides himself from other men's eyes—other men's praise

or censure, who turns aside from the touch of other men's powers,

———"has no spur
To prick the sides of his intent,"——

no fire to kindle his thought, no outward pressure to move his ambition.

Socrates compared the Athenians to a drowsy horse, and himself to a *gad-fly* stinging them on to action. A great man performs a similar work wherever and whenever he lives. He pricks the slumbering faculties of every mind around him until he gets them all awake, until he rouses a thirst for knowledge, and accelerates their mental pace. His thoughts, like live coals upon a turtle's back, burn through the stagnant crust of indifferentism, until the mass show signs of inward sensibility, and move forward to nobler ends.

Again, we may reverse Socrates' homely,

but significant figure, and say, too, that the horse makes work for the gad-fly — in other words, that society at large, affords a motive and field for the more gifted intellects. The listening groups of Athenians who gathered here and there to catch the wise man's words, though ignorant themselves, were yet *sources* of thought. They were the machinery by which the orator evolved his electric sparks, the flesh and blood in which he laid his moral and mental experiments. They were texts from which he preached his sermons, — the major and minor premises of his unanswerable logic. What a man teaches the people — if it be the truth — he first gets *out* of the people. The master is first instructed by his pupil. Uncle Tom's Cabin is only the echo of the poor, down trodden blacks, with Mrs. STOWE's genius for a sounding-board. It is their sigh uttered

through her large and sympathetic heart. Christianity is, chiefly, man reflected back from the spotless mirror of Jesus, the infallible revelation of every person's inner self. As said the woman of Samaria, Christ is he who "told us all things we ever did," and felt. And thus while Jesus could not be the Saviour he is, without a world to save, the world could not be saved as it is and shall be, without him who died on the cross to save it.* This principle of superior and inferior relations runs through all the race — each is linked to the other, and aids the other. Taken out of society, a man diminishes in intellectual power. Like a coal snatched from the glowing furnace, he loses

*I do not mean to say that Christ was absolutely dependent on the race he came to save, nor that his goodness was reflected from any human being; but he could not have been a *Saviour*, of course, without some one to be *saved*. And besides, it must be admitted that the influence of the world, developed qualities in him, which otherwise would have remained inactive.

heat and soon darkens. Our greatest men were not *hermits*, and our greatest women were not *nuns*. The inventors of printing presses, railroads and telegraphs, were no strangers to human society; the authors of Hamlet and of Newton's Principia, were no dreamy ascetics, no tired fugitives from social life. Social life was the fulcrum on which they placed the lever of their genius; the telescopic and microscopic lens through which they searched for truth. Social life was the prism through which they distributed themselves, and threw off the many colored rays of their thoughts. They caught their inspiration, in part, from the world's eye, and copied their books from the world's heart. Humanity will not soon forget that a poor, wounded soldier bent his lips to kiss the shadow of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE; but let it also not forget that without the

soldier on which her shadow could fall, we had never heard of that Crimean angel!

“*It is not good that man should be alone,*” because it is through this association of mind with mind, that all the wonders of civilization are accomplished. Every great invention, every considerable advance in science and art, every political and social revolution, is the fruit, not of *one* mind, but of *many* minds acting together. If you look at one of those little aquatic creatures called a polyp, or zoophyte, you will see a very insignificant thing — a thing with hardly life and power enough to exist, a mere conceivable speck floating about in the depths of the ocean; and yet, uncounted millions of these diminutive animals acting in *concert*, will soon deposit calcareous matter enough to form an island — an island that pushes its huge face up through the surface of the sea

and becomes the dwelling place of man, and even cities. So a single mind is comparatively weak; like the zoophyte in the sea, it floats through this wide world a mere atom; but a thousand, a million of minds *united*, each depositing its simple thought in one common centre, working age after age, for one common purpose, the *aggregate* is just what civilization presents us to-day — a marvelous result, a stupendous achievement. We speak of LUTHER as the author of the Reformation; and yet it was not LUTHER, but a score of LUTHERS combined. He was the island, the coral reef, which countless numbers of human zoophytes had heaved up to public sight. He was the mighty *reservoir* where many tributaries, some large and some small, had poured their contents. We speak of FULTON as the inventor of steam navigation, but he had the help of a multitude of

brains before him. We speak of WASHINGTON as the author of American liberty ; but he was the loom which caught the thread of other men's shuttles, which held the warp and woof of other men's efforts.

It would surprise one who never thought of the matter, to see how many hands and brains are laid under contribution to create our daily newspaper, our little library, or the house we live in. EMERSON well says, that "every book is a quotation" from the whole world of thought ; "every house is a quotation out of all the forests, and mines, and stone quarries ; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors." The text, then, you see, is full of meaning, full of truth. That it is not good that man should be alone, is shown in the fact that his nature yearns for social communion ; that his happiness, his dignity, his moral and mental growth,

his elevation and final success, all rest on his social relations. Society affords the only ample field for intellectual effort, for moral culture, for the exercise of Christian virtue. Society goads man on to high endeavors—to new inventions—to civilization, and thus fills up a large share of his present existence.

In tracing man's life in society, however, it is not my whole purpose to demonstrate the necessity of such a life, but also, to follow out some of its various phases and developments.

In this direction, then, I observe that our social relation exhibits itself, first, in a *general* or *universal* sense. Beginning at the *outer* circle of life, we speak of each individual man as one among the many—as one among the race; we speak of each person as a single link in a long and undivided chain—an integral part of an undetached whole.

In this general sense, every person belongs to his race, as a grain of sand belongs to the earth, or a drop of water to the ocean.

It is true, when we take a *superficial* glance at the world, when we run our eye along its *external* features, and see how God has mapped it off into races and nations, into various complexions of white, black, and yellow; when we see the antagonisms that every where exist, the different degrees of mental and moral culture, the conflicting doctrines of politics and religion, it does seem almost irrational to suppose God a common Father, and man a common brother. It seems incredible that all men had one *origin* and one *nature*. But when we once penetrate the surface; when we once get down beneath those *local* characteristics, those physical and mental excrescences which have sprung up under the influence of pe-

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culiar habits, education, climate, we then discover that fine, delicate chain which binds all souls together; those tender ligaments that run from heart to heart—from mind to mind—those sympathies which flow in one wide, deep river down through all humanity. We see that no man, no woman, no child is *alone*; we see that no change, no doctrine, no crime, no revolution, has ever dismembered a single soul; that the whole race is interpenetrated and interwoven with common instincts, common interests and common hopes.

And out of this fact grows the *impossibility* of our living to ourselves alone. No life is complete which does not take its root and branch off in this universal sympathy. No thought can ripen which does not blossom on this universal vine. Thus it is that no man can ever ascend, where all the world

may see him, unless he climbs on this ladder; thus it is that no book is ever read by all men unless it is copied from all men's sympathies. Democracy is a truth because it is social—because it does not cut humanity up into parts—because it acknowledges that all men are created equal, with equal rights and equal destinies. Christianity is a truth because it has a Universal Father—a Universal Hope, and a Universal Heaven—because it runs no gulf stream through the sea of life, dividing it into halves—because it opens its arms to all the souls which God has made.

But alas! how often is this fact overlooked or ignored. How many nations, how many churches, how many individuals, have said, practically, it is good for us to be alone. How many laws, customs and doctrines say this. The Jews said it in their hatred of

Gentiles; Catholics and Protestants have said it in their mutual persecutions; any and all sects say it, now, when they build up sectarian walls, when they draw a narrow line around the Lord's table; and also when they hope for a *partial* heaven. Aristocracy says this in its contempt for the masses; despotism says it in its niggardly distribution of rights; the slaveholder says it in buying and selling his brother man; every man says this, whenever he hates or injures his neighbor. It is a long step, then, in the path of progress, when one *sees* and *feels* his relationship with man; when he feels himself rising and falling with his race — when he can say in the words of a noble Roman, "I am human, and thus all that's human touches me."

Within this general relation of which we have just spoken, is another circle of social

life. It is that which comprehends villages — cities — lecture rooms — concert rooms — parties — festivals and places of public worship — every place where men and women assemble together. These relations spring *from* and depend *on* the other, but are far more tangible and intimate.

It is a pleasure for one who fully appreciates the idea of a common brotherhood, to meet a human face and touch a human hand, any where ; he values intellect under all its forms, and loves virtue under all its complexions and conditions, but there is a still greater pleasure, of course, in meeting an intimate acquaintance — a citizen of our own town or neighborhood. Our interests, our affections, our affinities take faster hold of these ; and thus the society in which we live *most* is not the world at large, but the smaller, narrower world immediately around

us. How often mind meets mind, in places of business, in stores, and shops, and other public marts; how often hand meets hand, and look meets look in the streets; how often we sit side by side in cars and steamboats, in private and public parties, in religious, political and scientific conventions; how often we cross and recross each other's paths, go in and out of each other's houses; how often we join our sympathies, our hands, our purses in some benevolent reform; how often we kneel at the same religious altar, — and all this is life in *society*. And what a life it is! How full of duty, of noble and generous activities — and how full of happiness, too, for him who enters it in earnest, who sees and meets its thousand obligations. What moral lessons are drawn from it, what “feasts of reason and flow of soul,” are got out of it! What loves, what friendships,

what tender sympathies it creates! How much of manliness, of courage, of heroism, of mutual respect it develops! How much such a life is worth, however, depends entirely on how we live it. Life in society has little value to him or her who will not be just nor honorable. A hermit's life is better than the miser's or drunkard's life; a nun's life is better than a lewd and sinful life. One had better never meet the face of man, had better bury himself in a cave or a dungeon, if he cannot wear an honest countenance. A guilty conscience shuts out every pleasure, benumbs every sense, enervates every will, and poisons every cup. The church, the street, the store, the shop, the farm, the lecture room, the steamboat, the railroad car, the evening party, the festive board, all these places are hells to him who comes to injure his neighbor, to plot

some mischief against his fellows. All who reap the blessings of social life, therefore, must enter it with *clean* hands and a *pure* heart—must be a good citizen—a *christian*—a brother—a truthful, loving companion.

A still narrower, dearer, and happier circle of social life than any yet mentioned, is that of the *family*—the *home*.

The family is the world's "holy of holies," the "*inner sanctuary*" of social life. Here all the joys of our earthly existence centre "There is no place like home;" no friends like father and mother, brother and sister, parent and child. Life in the family—life at home—who shall describe it! What *RAPHAEL* shall draw a picture of this little world of hearts—of its evening and morning circles—its thousand acts and looks of love—its sweet harmonies, and pious devotions! Who shall tell what sacred treasures

are garnered in that holy spot ; what hopes, what emotions, and what angel memories are born there ! The marriage relation — on which the home and family are built, is one which Heaven ordained and blessed. The love which unites the two in one, is a *holy* love — a love that bathes the earth in new and sweeter elements. It is a fire, which, “ kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private bosom, glows and enlarges, until it warms and beams on a universal heart, until it lights up the world, and all nature with its generous flames.” Oh, what a life is *this* ! What a life in its gushing dawn, its first glances and dreams — in its bright noon, and in its golden, gorgeous evening ! And when this love, or its kindred love, glows in the hearts and beams in the eyes of parents

and children; when it softens the voice and tempers the spirit of each household member; when it sits as a faithful shepherd guarding the fold from every intruding foe; when it shuts out every feeling of jealousy, or hate, or unkindness; ah, then, what joy dances round its altar, what fragrance breathes on all its life! Of course I do not forget that the family relation is not thus full of happiness to all. I do not forget that home is often the *coldest, wretchedest* spot on earth; that parents and children, husbands and wives are often *strangers* to each other—held together by law—but widely separated by hate; I do not forget that in this worldly, money getting age, the duties of home are sometimes pushed aside by the heartless rush of business, that the husband and father *eats* and *sleeps*, but seldom *lives* at home. I do not forget that pride, ex-

travagance, and many other evils eat out the joys of home; but this is not home as it *can* and *should* be; the home which love, prudence, industry and christian virtue create. The world was not made for the selfish and sinful. There is no place of rest, no circle of happiness, no path of flowers, no refuge from trouble, for those who will not act a noble, manly part; who will not go earnestly into the world, accept the duties, obey the laws, wherever his nature or his God shall call him.

LIFE IN THE INTELLECT.

Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it.
PROV. XVI: 22.

THE most surprising fact of human life is its endless *extent* and *variety*. It is not like the plant's confined to a single sphere, nor like the animal's shut up in the narrow limits of sensation. It begins on these lower planes, and rising gradually higher and higher, it ascends to unmeasured and unimaginable heights. It ranges over the whole field of matter and spirit, of passion and thought, of instinct and sensation, of time and space, of earth and heaven. It starts in the finite and ends in the infinite — or rather it *never* ends, but stretches on and on over a boundless

eternity! To realize the wonderful and varied experiences of human life, we have only to consider that the same man who eats and sleeps, also loves and thinks; that the same man who pays his shop bill, plays with his children, talks with a friend, also invents a telegraph and calculates an eclipse; the same NEWTON, who, at first, "is pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw," finally sports with the stars and lifts the universe on his lever of thought; the same genius that struggles with pain and death, slips off its burdensome clay, at last, and leaps in unfettered joy from world to world; the same spirit that flickers so dimly in its earth-born socket, is destined to blaze forever in glorious effulgence on the altar of immortality!

And, I observe, here, that it is this large sweep, this unlimited *variety* of human life

which demonstrates its distinction from all other life.

If man only grew, and slept, and died, we might consider him an off-shoot of the ground, and nothing more — since a tree, or a flower does all this; or, if the senses were added, if he exhibited a certain degree of aptitude and cunning, we might class him with the animals, since a horse or a dog answers to all that. But, while man *repeats* all the life and all the forms before him, while all nature *congregates* and *flowers* in him, while matter consummates in him its highest art, its noblest purpose, God has endowed him with the richer and mightier gift of MIND! And, that this mind is quite distinct and far above any mere physical results, is shown not only in its power to reason, but also in its inexhaustible power of *expansion* and *progress*. All the vegetable

and animal existences reach a certain limit, a certain hight, and remain there—or fall back again into nothing; but there is no such narrow boundary, such retrogression in mind. Matter revolves, spins on itself, attracts other particles, or gives off its own, but it never *advances*—at least, it never advances beyond a *fixed* point. It cannot be shown, I think, that man has gained any thing in physical strength, or in physical beauty, since his creation; but he has gained immensely in *knowledge* and *moral culture*. While his body has remained the same, age after age, or while it may have lost much of its primitive power of endurance, the *intellect* has kept onward and upward. The bird builds its nest on the same tree, and the beast burrows in the same den that they did when Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or when Socrates lectured in the streets of Athens;

but men do not live in the same houses, nor content themselves with the same thoughts. Having therefore already treated of Life in the Senses, Life in Society — both of which bear some resemblance to animal life, I now call your attention to something higher and nobler still,

LIFE IN THE INTELLECT.

Of course, Life in the Senses, and Life in Society, cannot be separated from intellect. The senses are the doors which open on the mind, the channels which carry and bring the mind's thoughts. The social faculties are the media of the mind's love, and friendship and sympathy, and thus the intellect has some relation to human life in *any* and *all* its forms. Intellect exalts the animal in man. It sanctifies our material relations, sweetens our food, delights our slumber,

magnifies our vision, intensifies our touch, and ennobles our affection. The intellect gives dignity to the lowest sense, enlarges the smallest faculty, and multiplies the sources of physical pleasure—it underlies and surrounds our whole life; but I come, now, to speak of mind distinctly and separately. In pursuance of this lofty theme, I observe, first, that Life in the Intellect is *progressive*.

As already stated, animal life, or life in the senses, revolves continually in one limited circle. Like the hands of a clock, or the shadow of a tree, our experience runs over the same old spaces, and cannot get beyond them. We taste the same food, look on the same objects, enjoy the same pleasures, and endure the same pains every day. So it is, to some extent, with social life. Our loves, our friendships, our associations and sympathies are endless *repetitions*. We go

and come along the same streets, meet the same faces, and do the same business; the merchant handles the same goods, and the mechanic constructs the same engine or builds the same house; the farmer ploughs over the same soil, and the mariner crosses and re-crosses the same ocean. And thus all our material—and even our social relations, become monotonous, if not insipid, except as they are vivified and varied by the inexhaustible appliances of mind. The mind, if active, is continually laying hold of *new* facts, *new* experiences, and *new* relations. It breaks loose from its former centres and pushes out over new and untrodden paths. It suffers no diminution, and is tied to no particular sphere. One moment it sits in study over the mechanism of a flower, another moment it springs up to the heavens and looks out on the mighty movement of

worlds! One moment it traces the flight of a tiny insect, another moment it shoots off on the track of a comet, or wheels along the orbits of distant suns! One moment it weighs a pound of gold, or measures a yard of cloth, in another it computes the weight of a planet or sums up the parallax of a star! It travels over all spaces, sweeps through all spheres, and plunges into all delights. It finds no end to joy or effort, because every science is *limitless*—limitless in *itself* and limitless in its *relations*; and thus, wherever thought journeys or imagination soars, there opens before them a boundless field of truth. Star after star dawns on the astronomer's glass, millions on millions of worlds march across his far-reaching vision, and yet the heavens are never counted; the geologist works his way down through stratum after stratum of rocks, but the earth's centre is never reached,

the last fossil is never exhumed, and the last problem is never solved; the student wades through many libraries, turns over the leaves of a thousand histories, explores the wonders of various sciences, but the books are never all read, and the truths are never all found. Something above, around, or beneath us may add to our knowledge, and deepen our pleasure continually and forever. History, science, literature, music, poetry, have each a fountain of truth and happiness which eternity will never exhaust! We cannot take up a leaf, nor a flower, nor a tiny pebble, but it may tell us some new fact of nature, of God, and add another joy to human existence. And therefore, an intellectual life is not necessarily monotonous. To him who thinks, studies, reads, and reasons; to him who opens his eyes to see the myriad objects which people infinite space, who opens his

ears to hear the countless voices which roll down from the heavens above, which speak from every rock, and tree, and river, and mountain, and flower—to such a mind, life is always new, and always beautiful. The “Castalian Spring” rejuvenates our spirit as often as we bathe in its precious waters. It is, indeed, a “*well-spring*” whose waters bubble up continually from out our own soul—a “*well-spring*” which we carry with us across this earthly desert, and whose vivifying moisture sprinkles the roots and bedews the blossoms of human existence.

Again, Life in the Intellect, affords a *refuge* from nearly all the ills and misfortunes of this world. Of course, there is no hiding place from sin. There is no shelter for a guilty conscience—no retreat where man may escape the retributions of justice. There is no cave so deep, no mountain so high, no

forest so wide, that God cannot penetrate it and bring forth the sinful fugitive. Knowledge cannot devise any means to ward off the consequences of wrong doing. Indeed, knowledge whets the sword of justice, and sharpens the stings of conscience. History, science, poetry, and art, are a kind of "detective *police*" that point the guilty man out, that "trumpet" his guilty deeds, and hasten the hour of punishment. All nature is in league against the transgressor. The grass which the criminal crushed down in his flight, the bush still trembling with his hasty touch, the bird scared off its nest by his hurried step—all these are ready witnesses against the deed, and show the path of the wretched man's retreat. So it is with science, knowledge; it has no secrets to keep for transgressors. It blurts out the sin in a thousand ways. And thus if one is resolved

on a life of dishonesty, he had better remain in ignorance, and be a *fool* entirely. "Ignorance is" *comparative* "bliss" when coupled with vice. When I speak of the benefits which thought and science confer upon us, then, let it be understood that I mean innocent thought—thought that springs from a pure, noble mind; I mean science that is linked with virtuous motives and holy lives. When I speak of the joys of an intellectual life, I mean a life that has no guilt attached to it, no sin to mar its peace nor, wither its hopes, no crime to darken its days, no meanness to imbitter its cup. *Such* a life, I repeat, is a *refuge* from nearly all the ills and misfortunes of this world.

It is true, the above position *includes* that particular sphere of life which is classed under the head of religion, and which more properly belongs in the next discourse ;

but there is a refuge from sorrow, from many earthly ills, in mental effort *alone*. A certain Greek scholar placed over the door of his library this sentence, "BOOKS ARE A MEDICINE FOR THE MIND." Many a scholar since has had abundant reason, I think, to acquiesce in that suggestion. Some books are a perfect balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit. The Bible, especially, distills a balsam that heals our sorrows and cures our doubts. How many a sin-sick and grief-sick soul has found relief in its holy chapters, from bathing in the Bethesda founts of its eternal truths.

Other books, whose leaves are scented with the aromatic flavor of true piety, whose pages are filled with the limpid springs of truth, have proved a remedy for many moral and mental ills. Some sciences have served as a healing plaster on the sore of skepticism,

as the therapeutic cup which drives away the depressing fever of despair. And thus one is likely to catch a healthy and vivifying influence from an intelligent communion with *nature*. To go out and look on the fields, gardens, lakes and forests; to study the mechanism of a flower, to snuff the odorous breezes of summer, or in any manner to put ourselves in contact with God's world; to set ourselves at solving some mathematical, chemical or astronomical problem, is an easy way to forget our aches, to dismiss our woes.

When that noble Hungarian, KOSSUTH, was thrown into prison, the authorities, at his request, allowed him three books: an English Dictionary, Shakspeare, and the Bible. And what a world of wonders! — what an empire of thought! — what a source of power did those three books contain for such a mind as his!

No place on earth could be really a prison, no spot could be a solitude with those three books in it. From that English Dictionary, KOSSUTH selected for himself an artillery of words with which he might some day storm the strongest fortress of despotism — armed his spirit with a two edged sword that was destined, not only to cut his way to fame, but also to cleave down the rank and file of human sophistry. From that one volume, he strung his soul with the pliant keys that were destined to open the innermost doors of Turkish dungeons, and to unlock the mysteries of Czarish tyranny; from that one volume, he gathered the seeds with which to sow his enemies' fields — seeds that should spring up and blossom with a world-wide harvest of freedom.

What mattered it if high walls and iron grates shut out the *sun's* light, while his nar-

row cell was flooded with the noon day rays of mind? What mattered it if his ear caught the sound of no *living* voices, if he felt the touch of no friendly hand of *flesh*, the kiss of no sweet lipped, innocent child of earth? What mattered it if neither brother, nor sister, nor wife came there to cheer him? —there *were* voices, silent, yet audible to the ear of the soul! There *were* hands stretched out toward him, unseen, though palpable enough to the *inner* sense! There was Shakspeare, who summoned before him the ghosts of departed patriots, to strengthen his weary soul with faith; who bade him remember that an act of cruelty is not

——“done when ‘tis done”——

— that his most inhuman tormentors would never be able to

——“trammel up the consequence,”——

and that somehow the “Shylock” of despot-

ism would be finally cheated of his "pound of flesh." There, too, the best of all companions, the richest of all volumes, was the Bible—the Bible with its ancient Moses who came to teach the noble ~~Hungarian~~ lessons of political economy and jurisprudence; with its pious David, who strung his harp and filled that cell with the holy memories of ancient song; with its Isaiah, whose prophetic genius lifted aside, for a moment, the curtain of the future and gave that poor man a glimpse of a better age. There, also, was Paul who came from the Areopagus to fire his soul with courage and prepare it for a martyr's death; and last, and most of all, came Jesus who stilled the waves of his troubled spirit, and bade him wait with serene patience and trust for the final triumph of God's eternal truth. All these made that prison a *college*, a *lecture room*, a

social *festival*, a temple of *worship* — a scene of the grandest mental and moral illumination !

It was in prison that BUNYAN wrote that popular book which narrates the life of a Pilgrim ; and so entirely did this intellectual effort absorb his time, that it left no room for murmuring. His theme carried him out of that lonely cell, and caused him to feel the liberty of a world-wide society. His imagination peopled his presence with a multitude of men and women, whose looks, and words, and sympathies, and thoughts, answered his meditations.

COLERIDGE very properly observes that it is almost alone from his cotemporaries that we learn the fact of MILTON's blindness, so little did that immortal bard complain of so sad a fate himself. What mattered it if disease had closed his eye-lids, since a wider

orifice was opened in his soul? Light streamed in upon him through *intellectual* channels, and he who saw with the inner spirit had little need of other gifts. And thus it is that mind has a life of *its own*—a life which no disease can wither, no power imprison, no sadness override, and no tyranny enslave. *Society* is very essential—there can be no *perfect* life without it—but, if disease, or misfortune, or despotism deprives us of this, still, we cannot be entirely wretched, nor entirely *alone*, if left with a cultivated mind. The *senses* are all important. The absence of any physical organ narrows down our existence greatly. It is a glorious privilege to look out on this fair world, to gaze on its wonders and beauties; it is an untold pleasure to open our ears and listen to all the varied harmonies of nature, to all the thrilling tones of speech, but, if our eyes

are blind and our ears are deaf, we need not despair, if we are yet blessed with the power of thought, memory and hope—if the *soul* can see and hear.

But what resources have those who never think? What joy have the ignorant when despotism drives *them* into dungeons, when disease locks up *their* outward senses? What refuge have they who cannot retire into themselves, who have never cultivated habits of thought, of meditation, of reflection?—who have hung no pictures on the inner walls of their own mind, and have no mansions prepared for them in the imperishable spheres of science?

Perhaps I ought not to regard *old age* in the light of a misfortune, since it is the natural result of a wise order of things, and yet, it is a misfortune to one who has made no intellectual and moral *preparation* for it.

This part of our existence is barren enough if we meet it with an empty mind. Life in the senses, and life in society, lose their influences over us, to some extent, at this late period; the *outward* world slides gradually under a shadow, and thus, if there is no sun shining bright and clear *within*, the whole being is plunged in darkness. An *ignorant* old age is like a dead tree whose blossoms and leaves have fallen off, whose roots draw no more moisture from the earth, and whose worm-eaten trunk is falling rapidly into decay. A *sinful* old age is like a mountain whose inward fires have burned out its vitality, its strength, leaving only the external crust which soon falls in, making the whole mass a moral wreck. But he who stores his mind with knowledge and virtue, is like a plant gone to seed—dried, and withered, and dead on its surface, perhaps, but



holding the germs of a whole harvest in its top.

Look at HUMBOLDT, for instance, already advanced to nearly four score and ten years, but whose spirit is as fresh and vigorous as ever. What matters it if his feeble limbs are no longer able to stride the steppes of Asia, or the landscapes of South America? What matters it if his eye no more glances along the rugged slopes of mountains, nor peers up and down the ocean shores of either continent, since all these countries with their endless facts and outlines are mapped off on the broad sheets of his capacious mind? The snow-capped summit of Mount Blanc, and the "great Colossus of the Andes" loom up, now, in the distant horizon of his memory; the lakes, rivers, vales, forests which once filled the range of his natural vision, are now imbosomed within the sunny

spaces of his interior life! The great and gifted ones of earth, whom he has met, but whose fleshly forms no longer greet his sight, sit, now, like the "four and twenty elders" of the Apocalypse, around the throne of his imperial thought. In the two hemispheres of his brain, are shut up the two hemispheres of the globe. All the zones and tropics which were laid under contribution to his intellect, are still present to feed the meditations of his declining years. A tree hung thick and heavy with all of nature's fruits, has grown up in his own soul, and he has only to put forth his hand, and pluck, and *eat out of himself!* So it *might* be with every person. All our previous years should be spent in gathering thought for old age—in filling and trimming the lamps of science, so that when the night thickens without, and the doors of our fleshly tem-

ple are closed, a thousand luminaries may flood with their eternal rays the aisles and vaulted roof within.

I observe in the next place, that Life in the *Intellect* is not subject to *fluctuation* and *losses*. Our friends may die, our nearest, dearest companions may leave us in a moment; and thus there is no such thing, here, as a *permanent* home, or a *permanent* society. A fever, a false step, a sudden accident, may at any time *sever* the link that binds us to parent, or child, or friend, or lover, and leave us in this wide world comparatively alone. How many have felt, how many *now* feel, that society has lost its charms—since death has swept away their home, broken up their family circle, and borne to the grave their bosom companions! How many, too, has disease or accident bereft of some physical sense, some bodily organ,

until life in the senses is no longer desirable, or even endurable; and still, again, how often has fire, or a flood, or a dishonest act swept off a man's property, his house, his store, his shop, or his farm, leaving him stripped of all the physical comforts and conveniences of life. But there is no fire that can burn, no flood that can drown, no deception that can ruin our knowledge! Even death cannot harm it, nor shut us from it.

It is true, our mind is more or less influenced by outward circumstances. Our thoughts are *hindered* and *disturbed* by external conditions, still, it cannot be *entirely* controlled, nor *entirely* spoiled. Whatever misfortune we suffer, whatever loss we endure, whatever change we meet with, we have yet left an undiminished capital of thought, an untarnished treasure of truth.

The celebrated musician, BEETHOVEN, had a brother who boasted of being the owner of extensive lands. The latter was very much ashamed of the great composer, and thus, whenever he signed his name, he distinguished himself from the poverty-ridden brother, by writing "BEETHOVEN THE LAND OWNER!" But the musician, in no wise envious of such mean fame, wrote his name, "*Beethoven*, the BRAIN owner."

I think a *brain* owner is richer, by far, than a *land* owner. A man with his head full of books, full of science, thought, is wealthier much than a man with his pockets full of gold. What amount of *soil* could weigh down the intellect of MILTON, the genius of SHAKSPEARE, or the wisdom of FRANKLIN? What mint ever coined gold enough to outweigh the knowledge of NEWTON, or the thought of WASHINGTON? And

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then compare that life which rises and falls on the ever fluctuating tide of business, which is bent, and twisted, and burdened by a multitude of cares, which weeps over the grave of buried friends, or sits disconsolate in the ashes of perished wealth—compare such a life with that life, which, though it meets with care and sorrow, yet overcomes them, defies their power, and stands up securely in its own immortal fortress of mind!

Finally, life in the intellect, is the source of man's greatest *power*. There is power in *money*. How many millions, alas, have bowed before it! How many kings it has bought and sold! How many courts it has bribed! How many states it has ruined! How many individuals and families it has wrecked! With what despotic might it sways all ranks and classes of men! But

I am happy to say that this power has not *always* been used for evil purposes. It has *made* states as well as ruined them. It has *aided* civilization as well as hindered it. It has produced *peace* as well as caused war. But in either case, whether employed for bad or good ends, its influence is beyond description.

So there is power in an army of men. Such battalions as XERXES led into Greece, as BONAPARTE commanded at Waterloo, move along the earth with a mighty force; they sweep away the stoutest thrones, the strongest empires, yea, they cause the very earth to tremble under their awful march! But the power of money and the power of an army of soldiers, are insignificant compared with the power of *mind*. CUVIER did more for France than BONAPARTE. MILTON and HAMPDEN did more for England than

WELLINGTON and NELSON. The simple verses of ROBERT BURNS, the solid dramas of SHAKSPEARE, will be remembered, will exert their influence over the world, when the mightiest armies with their mightiest heroes shall have been long forgotten.

"Beware," says a certain writer, "when God lets loose a thinker on this planet." It is the *thinker* and not the *fighter* who wields the strongest force; it is the man of *thought* and not the man of *money* whose influence extends over the greatest space. The millionaire, or the hero of battles, may often exert a mightier power for the moment; but thought outrides and overcomes them at last. As says another: "Ten rockets, sent violently into the air, by their blaze and impotent fury attract all eyes, and *seem* much finer and grander than the eternal stars, but after their short and rushing light is burnt



out, and they have noised themselves into nothingness, the stars shine serenely on, and seem to look down with contempt on the crowd who have been fooled into fear or admiration. Thus it is in history. The being to whose commands are given a brief omnipotence — whose single word moves myriads of men — on whom power and glory are lavished without measure, is often but the mere instrument of some idea or principle mightier than he ; and to find his master, we must travel back years, and perhaps ages, and seek him in the lonely cell of some poor and despised student whose busy brain is shaping in silence those immortal substances destined to shake the world."

We hear about the impregnable rocks of Gibraltar, the unconquerable armies of Europe, but neither those rocks nor those

armies can stop the progress of thought. Thoughts are sailing through those straits, and pushing through the ranks of those soldiers, every week, and nothing can hinder them. The police may search *your trunk* for papers and contraband goods, but they have no way of getting into the brain to seize *your ideas*. They may demand a passport for your body, but not for your intellect. What is locked up in the soul, you can let out when and where you please.

BONAPARTE crossed the Alps with his troops — and to little purpose — but ideas, republican and scientific truths are crossing those Alps every year, that will finally shake the Czarish empire in pieces. These truths will never get weary of marching, will never die of hunger, and will never retreat from Moscow — will never come back with bleeding feet across the snows of Russia and

finally die in exile, but they will live and pursue their harmless conquests forever.

"Knowledge *is* power," then, the mightiest power that man possesses. It is a power which, joined with Christianity, will subdue, regenerate, and civilize all the nations of the earth. And it is a proof of the world's progress, that men are beginning to *trust* this power, to lay aside their physical weapons for the silent, but almost omnipotent influence of thought. The time was, when the wreath of honor encircled the *Ægis* of war, when men *cut* their way to victory and fame, with swords and battle axes—when GOLIATH and SAMSON were fitter types of human greatness than MOSES or ISAIAH. The time was when HERCULES enjoyed a wider reputation than PLATO—when CÆSAR the *warrior* was greater than CÆSAR the *scholar*! The hero of Olympic

aces and gladiatorial combats, could draw a larger audience than DEMOSTHENES or CICERO!

This same misguided reverence for physical prowess, exhibited itself in later times. The medieval ages were distinguished for a like materialism. The tilts and tournaments of knights, the glittering blades, the emblazoned shields of feudal lords, the chivalric battles which rent the walls and stormed the courts of baronial homes, were all the fruits of an unholy ambition to excel in physical strife. The evil is not entirely cured even in our day. The glittering pageantry of war, the clamor of arms, and a love for physical conflict, have not all passed away — but they are *passing* away. The race is gradually rising from that ignorant materialism which has so long degraded and enslaved it, and building for itself a nobler and might-

ier empire of thought. Let each of us do our part in ushering in that glorious age of mind, that age of spiritual insight, of intellectual culture, of useful and harmless knowledge.

"The cause of truth and human weal
Oh, God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love."

LIFE IN RELIGION.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.—JOHN 1: 10.

THERE is life in simple *existence*. There is life in the flower, or tree; there is more life in the animal which has the power of sensation — and still more in man who has both sensation and reason.

And then, again, human life has its higher and lower spheres. A man lives who simply breathes and moves about—who eats, and sleeps, and hears, and sees. He lives more if he loves and is loved, if he has home, and friends, and pleasant society.

But the highest life of all, is *religious*. No person reaches the summit of human

attainment until he enters the *spiritual Christian* sphere. And thus, having already treated the subject in its other aspects, it now remains to speak of

LIFE IN RELIGION.

First. I observe that a religious life is *natural*, as much so as any other life. Its embryo lies back in man's constitution, as the flower lies back in the stalk. Its elements are indigenous, and not, as some have thought, imported from a foreign source. Religion, in some form, is a *necessity*—almost as much a necessity as breathing, or thinking. Man is not man without society—without love, reason, thought; and so, to a still greater degree, he is not man without *religion*. An irreligious man is “curtailed of his fair proportion,” is narrowed, dwarfed, “scarcely half made up.” His whole nature

is not described, nor developed; his whole destiny is not fulfilled unless he *worships* as well as thinks. To be contented with bare *existence*, with occupying so much space and so much time, is to be a *plant*, a lump of dull, senseless *matter*. To be satisfied with mere feeling, with a limited play of the senses, is to be an *animal*. To terminate all our hopes, and desires, and efforts, and pleasures in the sphere of the intellect, is to excel the plant and the animal, but even such a condition stops short of *real manhood*. Human nature does not wind off at any of those points, but extends itself into relations and spheres which lie above and beyond them all.

Some Christians entertain the opinion that, although man originally possessed a spiritual nature, it was wholly expunged by the first sin! But a person could no more lose his

spiritual faculties, than he could lose his social or intellectual faculties. To part with either is to quit himself, to so far *disorganize* himself. If one could, by any process, convert mind into instinct, thought into animal sensation, he might, by a similar act, change the spiritual into the carnal. But, in all the metamorphoses through which any human being has yet carried himself, he still retains his native functions. The image which God stamped in the soul at first, has often been *defaced* but never *effaced*. Man has frequently *transgressed* the laws of his moral being—has often weakened, dwarfed, degraded his inherent powers by *sin*; but there is quite a distinction between the *abuse* and the entire *destruction* of any faculty; between plucking a thing up by the roots, or simply cutting it down to the ground. An individual might run away

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from society and hide himself in a desert or a hermit's cave; he might never again behold a human face, nor listen to a human voice, and yet he could not in this manner abandon his social *nature*, nor forget his social *wants*. So he might shut his eyes against all books, might refuse to study, to read, to meditate, to think, and by such an unnatural act, he might plunge himself into the lowest depths of ignorance, but he would still retain his intellectual *organism*. Again, he might, as he surely has done, disobey his moral nature, indulge in every kind of sin, until he sinks far down in the awful deeps of depravity and crime, nevertheless he *has* not, and *cannot* uproot the conscience, nor shut himself away from all religious feelings and impressions. And thus *total* depravity is more than *improbable*—it is IMPOSSIBLE!

The Prodigal Son, in that repentance

which sent him back to his father's house, is represented as having come to "*himself*." When "he came to *himself*," he said, "I will arise and go to my father." "*Himself*," in that instance, was his *natural, unpervverted* self. It was the native manhood waked up to a sense of its real condition; the original spirit writhing under the scourge of justice, and setting off to do its duty. The moral maniac was again clothed in his right mind; the lost soul had again found its homeward track.

The Apostle speaks of those who, having not the "law," do "by *nature*" the things contained in the law—which proves that man "by *nature*" is a moral, religious being. To act *naturally*, is to act *rightly*, morally and *religiously*. To live out ourselves, is to live out a Christian life. To live an irreligious, Atheistical life, is to set up a quarrel against

ourselves, to trample our noblest nature under foot.

But the fullest, and perhaps the most interesting proof of all, that the springs of religious life have always kept their place in the soul, that no influence has ever been able to wipe out that spiritual image, is the fact that the Saviour placed a little child before the disciples and used it as the symbol of a Christian character. Not a hint was given on that occasion that the child's soul had been diabolized by a sin of its ancestors; that its spirit had been utterly tainted with hereditary guilt; that the seeds of evil slumbered in its unconscious breast, and that nothing good would ever come of it until God created it anew, superinduced upon its nature some new element or faculty. On the other hand, Jesus pointed to this little child and said, "Here, is a type of a

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Christian! Here, in this newly-born manhood, in this image fresh from the hand of its Creator, are all the roots and qualities of a saint! Except ye be converted, and become *as* little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven!" To "become *as* little children," then, in other words, as we are *by nature*—as we are before the world distorts and corrupts us—is to be what God requires, a Christian. To be converted, is to leave our sins, our false, *perverted* self and come back to our *real* self. In this important work we need the quickening, vivifying, regenerating influence of God's spirit. As the earth yields no harvests without the rain and the sunshine, so the soul will never blossom and mature its fruit, unless heaven rains on it the genial showers of grace, and imbathes it often with the light and warmth of eternal truth. If, however,

children could always *remain* children — children, I mean, in spirit and disposition — if there were no outside corruptions to harm them, no creeds to fetter their will, no falsehoods to bend and dwarf their nature, such terms as “conversion,” “regeneration” would have no use; and now, these words must not be understood as implying “total depravity,” as adding any new, spiritual faculty, but, simply as *cleansing, purifying, regulating* those already possessed. The office of Christianity is to *educate* man, to develop his love, his sympathy, his reverence, his thought; to open the doors which sin has closed against him, and lead him out into the sunlight and over the broad fields of God’s truth; to put him in close communion with God’s spirit; to break up the despotism of passion; to disentangle the bewildered intellect; to lift the whole life

up to virtue and heaven. In short, the office of Christianity is to aid us in living out ourselves, in becoming true men and true women.

I feel the more anxious to establish the fact that man is naturally religious, that he has within him a spiritual element which all the tidal waves of guilt can never wash out, which no tropical sun can ever melt, and no arctic winter ever congeal; which no homicidal nor suicidal hand can ever destroy, and no revolution displace—I am more anxious to demonstrate this truth, because it will serve as an immovable basis of my appeal to you to live a religious life. For, certainly, if it can be made to appear that religion is a part or law of your being; that devotion, prayer, and worship, are as much a natural use of the soul, as seeing, hearing, and feeling are of the body, you

cannot need a stronger reason why a part of your *time* and *thought* should be given to religious *exercise*.

A person would exhibit great folly to blind his eyes, to shut out this world of beauty, and all his days go stumbling about in the dark; or to close his ears and never more listen to the countless harmonies of nature; but the folly is surely no less to close our spiritual eyes and ears! That custom among the Chinese which puts a child's foot into a small shoe to prevent its growth, has its counterpart among those who crowd the soul into the narrow mold of Atheism, and thus enslave and stint its spiritual powers. As a dungeon is to the body, so is Atheism to the mind—dark, gloomy and wretched. It is a libel on our hopes, aspirations and powers. He who never enters his closet and prays, who never enters his

church and worships, who never feels himself upheld and borne along on the bosom of some unseen, loving spirit, who is never caught up in the rapturous arms of religious love and translated to some diviner sphere than this material world, does not live a *full* life, does not live a full, free, harmonious, natural life.

In the next place, I remark that a religious life is something *more* than a *moral* life. A moral life, as generally understood, is one which fulfils its relations between man and man; which leads one to do unto others as he wishes others to do unto him; a life which never cheats in words, nor deeds, nor weights, nor measures—in short, a moral life is an *honest* life. An Atheist can be, and often is an honest man. But a religious life is something more than that; it includes the moral—cannot even exist without it,

but it also includes another and deeper element. While morality fulfils our relations between man and man, religion also fulfils our relations between man and God. Morality is the *bud* and religion the *flower* of life. One *begins*, the other *completes* our duty. One is the *prose*, the other the *poetry* of living. A moral life, alone, is like an instrument of music with its upper scale left out—with its lower notes sounding, but its higher and sweeter notes silent!

No individual, then, should be satisfied with mere morality: indeed he cannot be. Be ever so honest toward your fellow men, ever so truthful and just in all your business transactions, ever so kind and friendly in all your social relations, and still, without a Christian faith, without those responses which meet the wants of your deeper nature, something is yet lacking. After all

that, your soul is empty, your highest wish is unanswered, your highest ideal is unreached.

When you meet, as all must in this world, with severe trials and sad bereavements; when your property in one single hour has been turned into ashes, or swept off by a flood, or snatched away by some mean, artful deception, and for the moment everything on earth seems to mock and conspire against you — now, what can morality do for you in such a crisis? It can save you from a feeling of condemnation, from the pangs of a guilty conscience; it can enable you to stand up in the dignity and confidence of an honest character, to look the world in the face without shame, to bid defiance to any slanderous report — and this is much, *very* much — but do you not need something more? Do you not need a Chris-

tian faith — a faith that can lift you above all earthly conflicts? that can seize hold of your trouble-tossed soul and anchor it on solid ground? Do you not need, at such a time, a Christian philosophy which alone can show a reason and a use for earthly trials? which promises you a final deliverance from them, and a glorious rest in some higher, happier world? Do you not need a Saviour who shall come in this night-time of your sorrow and cheer you with the tidings that a morning is near? who shall quiet your fears, strengthen your hopes, and give you a firmer, calmer trust in God?

When death comes and carries off your children, or parents, or friends, or companions — is morality enough then? It would, of course, be a happy thought, that the past had recorded no injustice between you and the departed, that your relations with them

had always been honest, kind, harmonious ; but could you be content without asking where those loved ones had gone ? Could you bear up under such a sorrow without any faith in God ? without any hope of a resurrection ? without going away and bowing your burdened soul in earnest prayer ?

And when death comes to *you* — when the messenger bids you to prepare to leave all the dear faces, and all the familiar scenes of earth, to step alone into the dark, solemn, silent mysteries before you — will morality be sufficient then ? Can you say that last farewell ? take that last, lingering look ? and break away from that last embrace, without a belief that death is only life in disguise ? and that it will soon bear you into the loving presence of God ? Can you meet that moment willingly, cheerfully, rejoicingly, without the conviction that Jesus

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will reach his hand to you, and lead you through the dark valley up to mansions of eternal bliss?

I have said that a moral man is an *honest* man. He *is* so in his relation with others. But it is doubtful if such a one is quite honest with *himself*. He cannot be, certainly, if, as I have tried to show, he possesses a religious nature. If there be something within us which naturally seeks communion with God, which ever turns toward God as the flowers turn their faces toward the sun, something which throws up its feeble and beseeching hands to some higher power than man, then to refuse that communion, to deny that higher power, to suppress and imprison that devotion, and to clip those desires with the iron shears of Atheism, is a dishonesty against ourselves. It is mocking our own nature : and one has no more right

to mock and cheat himself, than to mock and cheat his neighbor. That person never lived, who has not, at some time, felt himself moved by a stronger and deeper sentiment than any law of morals, who has not, at some time, caught the sound of sweeter, diviner voices than any which come from nature; and thus, to be a Christian, is to heed these inner revelations, to follow these higher calls—in short, to be honest with *ourselves*.

Again, life in religion is something more than a *form*. *Any* life is more than a *form*. The plant and the animal have their outward expression of an unseen and active *principle* within. The life of a tree does not consist in the size of its trunk, in the length of its branches, nor in the beauty of its leaves; but the trunk, branches and leaves are the *form* which an invisible some-

thing puts on. The peculiar figure, look and movements of an animal, are the exterior expressions of its feelings and instincts. The upright stature of a man, his noble features, his flashing eye and majestic bearing, are not the man himself, but only the *signs* of a man. Villages, cities, our homes, houses, families, private and public gatherings, are forms of social life; book, schools, colleges, reading and study, are manifestations of intellectual life; and so are prayers, sermons, churches, creeds, pious professions and worshipping assemblies, indications of religious life. But, as social life lies *deeper* than all its outward signs; as intellect *precedes* books, schools and colleges, so does genuine piety, a true religious spirit *lie back* of all religious ceremonies. To utter a prayer—such a prayer as God hears and answers—is not simply to bow the head,

bend the knee, or to syllable a few solemn words, but to desire and supplicate with the *soul*. Worship is not all comprehended in coming to church, in standing or sitting in certain positions, in singing, preaching or listening; true worship is an inward *spiritual* reverence, a calm, earnest *thought*, a devout soul-breathing *love*! While, therefore, it is proper to adopt some peculiar form, it should never be forgotten that the form is the least essential part of religion—that it is local, and therefore may differ according to taste, climate or habit, while the *spirit* or *essence* is universal and always the same. God is not worshiped only in Jerusalem, nor on Mount Gerizim, but in *all* cities and on *all* mounts. He is worshiped in temples or in forests; on the land or on the sea; in crowded marts or in lonely deserts; in public assemblies or in private homes. God is

not worshiped in *words* alone. He has not made it absolutely essential that all who approach Him shall come with crosses and genuflections, shall wear a surplice and utter vocal sentences, but He has said "Come unto me through any form which the honest soul may select! Come, through the simplicity of Quakers or the more showy ritual of Catholics! Come, through the zeal of Methodists or the calmer mode of Universalists! Come, with *close* communion or *open* communion! Come, with your prayer book or without your prayer book! Come, with loud praises, with harp, and cymbal, and organ, or come with unuttered thoughts and silent meditations! Only this does the Lord your God require, that ye come with the *spirit* and the *truth*! that ye come with clean hands and pure hearts!"

We sometimes have the form of *domestic*

life without the life itself. We have the home—or rather the *house*, the marriage ceremony, the morning and evening circles, husband and wife, parents and children; but the conjugal *love*, the paternal and filial *affections*, are wanting. And thus there is no true, home *life* in such a place.

We have, too, the form of social life, without the life itself. We have social habits and manners, social words and gatherings, but there are no fraternal sympathies, no harmonies, no friendships. The salutations, courtesies, and modes of etiquette, are outside and hollow displays. And so we have prayers, baptisms, communions and creeds, without the Christian feeling, or the Gospel love.

I remark, next, that although life in religion is not all comprehended in outward symbols, yet there cannot be real life without

some form. A Christian spirit will sooner or later *crop out* under a sign, just as the essence of a tree will show itself in leaves, blossoms and fruits. A *live* tree cannot always remain leafless and fruitless. So a *live* Christian cannot long exist without prayer, without worship, without visible Christian practice. As already stated, these visible expressions may differ, as trees and flowers differ, according to the peculiar organism through which the life flows, or the circumstances which surround it—but there *must* be *some* development. The life may take on the form of a prayer, or what is better, the emotional feeling and the vocal utterance may blossom into a practical deed. A kind act, a friendly word, a loving smile, a sunny temper, are more acceptable to God than church rites or solemn pretensions. Sacrifice is well, perhaps—especially if

God's children so decide — but mercy is *better* than sacrifice. A thankful heart and a good life are a nobler offering than the blood of animals, or the gift of communions and baptisms.

I have spoken elsewhere of the *mystery* of life in all its phases. The life of a flower, of an animal, who can solve its subtle problems or analyze its universal essence? Who can find that hidden power that draws up the sap, expands the bark, and widens the rings of the oak? Who can lay open that energy which moves through the limbs, leaps through the veins, and flashes through the eyes of a man? can show us the springs and balance wheels that play in this machinery of thought? Far more difficult is it to describe the causes and workings of religious life. "*The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but*

canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Where lies that fountain of prayer, whence comes those rapturous feelings and sacred joys; how God breathes on us and through us his holy spirit; how heaven catches up our soul and leads it through the upper realms of peace; what power it is that visits our closet kneelings and Sabbath devotions, which stills our inner tempests and hangs its rainbow on our sky of sorrow, no wisdom of ours can tell. We see its signs, we feel its influence, but whence it comes and whither it goeth, is all a miracle! We see the drunkard changed to a sober man; the miser molded into generous sympathies and charitable gifts; the narrow minded stripped of their meanness and crowned with moral dignity; we see Paganism receding like darkness before the morn-

ing, civilization girdling the earth with its commerce and arts, but the mighty *cause* of all this lies concealed in the inscrutable power of Christianity — not Christianity as a *form*, merely — but as a *life*, a *principle*, an inward, vital, universal *spirit*!

Finally, life in religion, is the *crown* or *complement* of our existence.

As already shown, there is life in the *senses*, life in *society*, and life in the *intellect*. I have shown that human existence, in each and all of these forms, is greatly blessed — that happiness pours in upon us through the eyes, and ears, and nerves; that pleasures innumerable reach us through the social faculties; that a wide and beautiful world is opened to the intellect; but I now affirm that a Christian faith and a Christian character *increase* and *improve* these sources of life.

"I am come," said Jesus, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more *abundantly*." That is, he came to meet a religious want, to develop and satisfy the highest, noblest faculty of man. Men lived — lived in social loves and friendships, lived in philosophy, and lived in some form of religion, before Christ was born; but Christianity added to all that previous life. It multiplied and deepened the springs of enjoyment. The Saviour did not ask men to abandon earthly pursuits and pleasures — *innocent* pleasures — he did not say their senses were useless and sinful, and must be trampled under foot; he did not ask them to throw away their learning, and to shut themselves up in caves and cloisters, but he came to blend the life they already possessed with something loftier and better. He came to make learning more learned,

society more social, thought more thoughtful, happiness more happy, and beauty more beautiful. A Christian faith and a Christian spirit *do* have just that effect. They intensify our other faculties and pleasures. A Christian has more pleasure in eating, and drinking, and sleeping than the sinful man has. He hears more melody in music, sees more beauty in nature, and discovers more truth in science. An Atheist has life—life in the senses, life in society, and life in thought, but a Christian has all that life and still more. The latter is blessed more abundantly. He lives in a broader, lovelier world. He stands on a loftier summit and overlooks a vaster field. He gathers the fruits of a richer experience, and explores the depths of profounder thoughts.

✓ An individual without any religious aid may admire a summer landscape, the varied

seasons and the mid-night skies, he may even catch a degree of enthusiasm, of poetic rapture from these, but his delight is multiplied a thousand fold if ever he comes to "look *through* nature up to nature's GOD!" He may find attractions in art, in statuary, painting, architecture, but how much more when these become the shadow of a diviner art beyond! . He may experience a bliss in loving and being loved, a joy in social communion, in domestic life, but how much greater joy when these relations are linked with the interminable future! — with God! and Christ! and Angels! He may reap a large happiness in the pursuit of science, in studying the facts that lie within the range of his existence here, and yet how insignificant is any such enjoyment compared with that which is wafted down from heavenly spheres, which comes in the affluent

tide of God's love, and streams through the innermost depths of a devout spirit! It is Christianity which floods the earth and sky with smiles, which transmutes the dullest matter into gold and binds the universe to endless good! Without it

"The pillared firmament is rottenness
And earth's base is built on stubble."

Childhood is beautiful—beautiful in its mother's arms, beautiful in its laughter and play, but more beautiful still when its hands are clasped in prayer! Woman is lovely—lovely by nature, and lovely by art, and yet more lovely when she weeps at the cross and talks with the risen Saviour! Man is noble—noble in form, noble in strength, but nobler, far, when he bows in worship and lives in God!

An impression prevails quite generally that a Christian life, in *this* world, is super-

fluous, if not burdensome — that a bad, licentious person reaps a greater *physical* pleasure, at least, than one of pure and temperate habits. To be truly religious, then, in the light of this impression, is to wear a heavy cross, to submit to a temporary sacrifice of happiness. But what a fatal mistake! A religious man not only enjoys an abundant spiritual reward, but he gets more pleasure out of *material* life than the irreligious do. He extracts more sweetness from his daily food, more rest from his nightly sleep; because his body is better toned, more healthy, more vigorous, and therefore more susceptible. His nerves are not palsied by sin. His passions are not blunted by over indulgence. Nature does not lay out her choicest dainties before the glutton, and hand her most delectable cup to the intemperate. Such persons are compelled to

sit at the second table, to eat the crumbs and drink the dregs which others refuse.

Nature does not take the sinful to her embrace and caress them with parental tenderness, but she pushes them off! *spurns* them! chastises them with her rod of correction! She cannot be bribed with any solemn pretensions, nor with any amount of knowledge — not even with the highest genius. She will not turn her brightest, loveliest face to the eye of the poet, unless his vision is rectified by Christian love. She causes the most gifted intellect to distil a poison into every hour of life, to pierce with guilty pangs the moment of death, unless that intellect is based in virtue, and cleansed with honest purposes.

It is written of one of England's greatest poets, that

——“full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died — he died of what? — of *wretchedness*.”

He *died* of wretchedness because he did not *live* in goodness. Had virtue, purity, and Christian religion — and not passion — fired that genius, his life had been a glory and his death a triumph. As with him so with us; fame, thought, ambition, are but the engines that drag us on to ruin, if sin and passion guide them. But life in religion, life in Christ, in God, in truth, while it gathers the benefits and rejects the evils of all inferior life, adds the unspeakable blessings of a quiet conscience, and of a happy, hopeful death.

LIFE IN ETERNITY.

For we that are in this tabernacle do *groan*, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.—*2ND COR. v: 4.*

LIFE is positive. I mean by this, that it is the inherent, essential law of things. It is the substratum on which all things are built, and without which no organised form can exist.

Death, therefore, which is the opposite of life, is an accident, a negation. It is not a substance, nor is it a *fundamental* law. It is one of the changes through which substance passes, one of the phases which law puts on.

A similar relation exists between light

and darkness, good and evil. Light existed before darkness, and good before evil. You may carry a light into a room and banish the darkness, but you cannot reverse the process and banish the light with darkness. So life may put an end to death, but death can never destroy life.

TENNYSON, somewhere calls death the "*shadow of life*." I like the suggestion; and as the sun cannot cast a shadow unless an object stands before it, so there must be some such condition between life and death. The object which stands before life is *time*, or our present *earthly existence*. As the shadow disappears when the opaque substance between it and the sun is removed, so will death pass away when our present existence is merged into the future.

In the light of this theory, we see the significance and beauty of the Apostle's reason-

ing, that mortality shall be *swallowed up* of life! Like all human beings, he often felt that his physical body was a burden. It caused him pain, sickness, disquietude, and thus he longed for the moment to arrive when he should throw it off—not because he would be “*unclothed*,” because he would strip the spirit naked and have no body at all, but rather, because he would be “*clothed upon*,” with an *imperishable, spiritual* body; because he would go where all is life and no death! This eminently philosophical and rational view of death, is referred to, in several other passages of scripture. The same author elsewhere affirms that, “As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;” that is, *universal death* on the one hand, shall be overcome by *universal life* on the other. Another writer, referring to man’s future and final condition, says:

"And there shall be *no more death*, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the *former things are passed away*." These "*former things*" are the condition that make death possible. They are the objects which rise before the sun of life and cause the shadow, death. When, therefore, the "*former things*" are passed away, death also is passed away. Christ said, speaking of the resurrection state: "*Neither can they die any more*; for they are equal unto the Angels." They can not die any more, because the negative has become absorbed in the positive, the temporary in the eternal, and the accident in the essential: in other words, mortality is "swallowed up of life." And here let me observe that, death assists in its own destruction. It helps to turn the wheel which rolls us beyond its reach. It does this, inasmuch as

it is one of the necessary changes through which we pass in reaching that higher state; and thus,

"We never can be deathless till we die."

"That which thou sowest is not quickened," said Paul, "except it die." That is, we cannot progress, we cannot rise, nor be evolved into that glorious condition of immortality, without first entering the grave. It is by means of death that the farmer sows one bushel of grain and gathers from it thirty, sixty, and a hundred bushels. So, by a like process, man reaps a hundred-fold harvest from his own death. He dies, but goes where all is life. His earthly, physical tabernacle falls off; his material, burdensome body crumbles into ruins, and the spirit is "clothed upon" with a purer and better one. The change called death, then, is not the "king of terrors," as many have

made it; it is not the result of sin as many have supposed it — but it is rather that wise and beautiful arrangement which sets us free from pain and sorrow. It is not that unwelcome power which locks us up in the endless sleep of annihilation, but it is simply the door which opens on eternity — which opens on our endless home, on all the dear ones who have gone before us.

What other philosophy than this could have suggested the thought to Paul, that “*to die, is gain?*” We lose something it is true, but that which we lose makes us richer by its absence. We lose our mortal body, but we gain an immortal one. We lose our place on earth, but we secure a better one in the spirit world. We lose our pains, our sicknesses, our sorrows, our sins, and go where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. For a little while, we

lose the society of some dear friend, perhaps, but we also gain the presence of other dear ones; and those we leave behind will soon follow and join us in that happier home. And thus nothing is lost, except that which is better spared than kept. A fact well set forth by the poet :

"All grim, and soiled, and brown and tan,
I saw a strong one in his wrath
Smiting the godless shrines of man,
Along his path.

I looked : aside the dusk cloud rolled !
The waster seemed the *builder*, too,
Upspringing from the ruined old,
I saw the new !

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill :
What'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

Whatever of good, whatever of truth has existed, exists now, and will exist forever. Death has no power over the true or the beautiful. Not a single good deed, nor kind word, nor generous emotion shall ever pass

out of being. The deep sea of memory holds all the argosies of thought which have sunk in its mysterious depths, and some superior skill of the mind will raise them again to the surface. All the gems which time has dropped into that sea will float up again and revolve forever in brilliant circles before the sharpened insight of our higher wisdom. When the finer currents of that future life shall stream through the soul,

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound,"

a thousand forgotten tones, and voices, and hopes, and feelings, will start up in familiar distinctness and carry us back through the whole past—back even to that first kiss which a mother imprinted on our unconscious brow.

Why, then, shall death not be regarded as among our greatest blessings? Why shall we continue to mourn over an event which

brings us such infinite benefits? Why not say, rather, as Christ said to Martha and Mary that, the *believer does not die at all?* "And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, *shall never die!*" Did Jesus mean, by this remark, that the believer will never pass through what is *called* death? that his spirit will never be released from its earthly form? No. Because all Christians, as well as all others, *do* die. He meant, therefore, that all who accept the gospel theory on this subject, will discover that what the world *has called* death, is not death. That instead of dropping out of life, the departed soul rises to a higher and nobler life. Our existence here does not terminate at the grave, but passes through it, and stretches on over the eternal ages beyond.

And I observe, here, that it is this assurance of immortality, this hope of life beyond

life, this assurance that all humanity is tending onward and upward to some more glorious condition — it is this which invests our present life with such profound significance. I have spoken elsewhere of Life in the Senses, Life in Society, Life in the Intellect, and Life in Religion; but, if all these are soon to end, and,

"Like snow-falls on a river
One moment white, then gone forever,"

the whole subject has lost its interest. We have lifted the pleasant cup to our lips only that another hand may dash it away again. We have drawn a splendid picture only to see it marred and spoiled. For what matters it that our present life has made this grand and marvelous beginning, if it shall end so soon in the saddest of all failures? What matters it that beauty and melody delight us now, that love ennobles, and friendship charms

us, here?—what matters it that intellect exalts and multiplies our pleasures, if beauty, and love, and friendship, and thought, and happiness are destined to perish in the grave? Such is not our fate! Nature, reason, and revelation all deny it! The grave cannot swallow up our life, but life shall swallow up the grave—shall swallow up our mortality, our pains, sorrows, deaths!

If, then, as already shown, our existence continues beyond the grave, the momentous question starts up, here, what shall be the *circumstances* and *conditions* of that existence?

It is not enough to know that man is immortal. Immortality may be the greatest of all *blessings*, and it may be the opposite of this—the greatest of all *evils*. Whether the one or the other depends on its conditions. What, then, are the *conditions* of immortality?

In answer to this question, I may say, first, that our future life must, in all its essential features, correspond with this present life. It is this life translated into higher and nobler relations — this life evolved into grander proportions and richer experiences. Our future existence, then, is not, in any sense, a *new creation*. We do not lose our identity, in passing through the grave, nor our power of thinking, reasoning, loving. All we leave behind on entering the spirit world, are our *negations and temporalities*. The *positive and spiritual* remain forever. All that is comprehended by the words "you" and "me" — all that makes up your and my distinct individuality, will exist as long as "*you*" and "*I*" exist.

As already shown, in this world we have life in the Senses, in other words, we see, and hear, and feel, and taste. I cannot doubt

that something corresponding to these senses will be attached to our life in the future; for, certainly, the spirit will have its *body* there, and if a body, then its *bodily senses*. "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Now it is plain from this language, that the Apostle did not wish nor expect to be free from some outward form. He desired and hoped to be "clothed upon" with something answering, essentially, to his earthly body. He believed, however, that his future body, unlike the present, would never cause him pain, nor sickness, nor death. In answer to the question, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" Paul exclaimed, "Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but God giveth it a body as it has

pleased him, and to every seed (person) his own body. All flesh is not the *same* flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.**** One star differeth from another star in glory; so also is the resurrection of the dead, it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body *and there is a spiritual body.*" From these declarations of the learned Apostle, we learn the following facts; first. God has not exhausted all his means in making our earthly body, but has reserved materials for constructing

one far more glorious than this; second. God clothes every spirit on its entrance into the spirit world, with an outward form or body; third. He gives to every spirit (or person) its own body, that is, a body fitted to every spirit's capacity and individuality; fourth. The future body referred to is a *spiritual* body; fifth. Our spiritual body will be glorious, incorruptible, honorable. It will be as much more glorious in its nature and capacity, as the sun is more glorious than the moon. Here, then, is another evidence that "*to die is gain.*"

But the particular fact which forces itself upon us now, is, that a spiritual body must have its spiritual senses. If not, of what *use* is a spiritual body? The five doors which open on the soul here, will, doubtless, open on the soul there.

But, it must not be forgotten that life in

the spiritual senses will far exceed life in the physical senses. The sense of Feeling will be a thousand times — yea, infinitely more acute; making every part a fountain of pleasure, every nerve a “causeway of happiness.” The sense of Sight will be marvelously increased, until the eye becomes both a telescope and a microscope, sending its vision over distant worlds and spaces, or penetrating the infinitesimal chambers of inferior objects. The sense of Hearing will be enlarged until it catches the faintest whisper that floats through the heavens, until it gathers all the sweet sounds and splendid harmonies that sweep down from Angel lyres or rolling spheres. Every sense will be quickened, developed, magnified, until the whole spiritual body is converted into an organized pleasure, until it swims in a sea of melody, beauty and happiness.

Again, in this world, we have life in Society; we shall have life in society also in the future world. Love, friendship, home, society, are not mere negations, mere chaff to be winnowed out and burned up when the wheat is garnered! — they *are* the wheat itself. They are not simply the earthly framework in which the soul is set, and to be broken in pieces when the soul ascends to its higher condition! — they *are* the soul itself. Strip the mind of all its relations with other mind, of all its social loves, friendships, homes, and you have nothing left except

"A dry, ungainly skeleton of soul."

If a nunnery or a hermit's cave is an unnatural thing here, it cannot be less so there; if we live in each other's love and sympathy now, so must we then; if love, affection and

friendship make heaven below, what else, I ask, will constitute our heaven above?

Some Christians believe, I know, that all our particular, domestic and social relations, our parental and filial attachments, are only the earthly frost-work which will melt away at the first touch of the resurrection sun; that a mother's tender love for her child, the affections that bind together husband and wife, brother and sister, will be left to moulder in the grave! If this be so, then there is *no* resurrection — and this life is *not* continued beyond the hour of death. If this be so, then the future life is not a resurrection, but a *new creation*. If my mother will not know me and love me when I meet her in yonder sphere, then she ceases to be my mother! Then *my* mother has never been raised! — then *my* mother has been *annihilated*! The spirit who stands before me is

quite another spirit — not that whose bosom pillowed my weary head, whose form bent over my couch, and whose lips pressed often on my forehead; not that spirit who said when she died, “weep not, my child, for we shall meet and love again in heaven” — not that spirit, but another, different spirit, a spirit *created*, and not one lifted up from this lower world! Jesus said to Martha and Mary, “Thy brother shall rise again” — that is, he shall rise and *be* thy brother still. His words would have fallen on their sad hearts like ice, had he intimated that he who was their brother, had lost his love for them, had ceased to be their brother! He said nothing, and hinted nothing of such a terrible thought, but he assured them that their *brother* should rise again.

I know what influence it is that has pushed theologians to this revolting extreme of

denying the immortality of our domestic and social feelings, of denying, in some cases, the future recognition of friends — it is the doctrine of unlimited punishment. If the mother is able in that spirit world to recognize her own child, if she loves it there as deeply, as tenderly, as earnestly, as devotedly as she loved it here, how, then, can she be happy while the object of her affections is indiscribably wretched? while her offspring, near by, is uttering endless groans of anguish? This has always been a difficult question to solve. The only way of escape from such a mystery has been to deny that the mother will either know or love her children in the next life!

But I cannot allow any person to slide out of the difficulty under the cover of such an unholy and unphilosophical theory as that. A better way to avoid the awful al-

ternative of robbing the soul of all its noblest qualities, of shutting out of heaven the indispensable power to recognize our friends — a better way to run clear of this rock, is to deny the assumption that any human being is doomed to suffer *endless* punishment.

That there is no marriage nor giving in marriage, beyond the grave, in the physical sense of that relation, the Saviour affirmed, and I believe ; but this fact does not, necessarily, imply the entire obliteration of all our domestic and social affections. Jesus has not, neither has any inspired writer affirmed that, in the resurrection no one will recognize nor love his friends any more. What would heaven be without such love? It would be a mass of human icebergs! — a vast catacomb of spiritual skeletons whose ghastly features and eviscerated trunks would

proclaim themselves as the lifeless remnants of a better existence!

Let it not be thought that the harmony of heaven must be destroyed, if the various social relations are introduced there. The idea of harmony presupposes a variety of elements blended together. An instrument which has but one string and one note, is not spoken of as being in harmony. This term is used only when there is a concord of several strings and notes. So, if there is only one love, one friendship and one thought in heaven, we cannot speak of harmony there. Harmony there as here, will be the sweet blending of all the social relations—the gradual merging of outer and inner circles, of higher and lower spheres. In this world, the best father, mother, husband, wife, child, is always the best friend, and best citizen. And thus our particular

love never lessens nor hinders our universal love. The flowers which beautify and adorn the garden of home, send out their perfume over all the fields around. The Banyan tree which grows up first in the social circle, strikes down its branches into the soil beyond until its ever recurring growths have extended over the whole area of humanity. So in heaven; our love of near and dear friends, will widen and deepen our affection for the race. Like the prismatic colors of the rainbow, our loves, our friendships, our sympathies, our affinities, without losing their individualities, will slide harmoniously into each other, arching the spiritual world with indescribable beauty. Rather than die and vanish away, our affection for each other will be endlessly increased. Our sympathies will grow from little rills, into broad and deep rivers. Sparks



will kindle into flames, and buds will open into blossoms. The joy of loving and being loved shall be a thousand fold greater than now, and there as here, we shall serve God by serving each other. There as here, we shall teach and be taught, borrow and lend, give and get from each other. There as here, we shall join our eyes, and ears, and hearts, and minds in social communion. There as here, we shall have our individualities, our central attractions, fringed round and beyond with a heaven-wide charity.

In this world, we have life in the Intellect, and life in Religion ; we shall have the same, doubtless, in the future world.

The same mind which reasons, studies and meditates here, will reason, study and meditate there. The same soul which worships, prays and sings here, will worship, and pray, and sing there. Schools, colleges,

books, lectures, churches and religious gatherings, are not, in their highest, spiritual sense, confined to this life. The sphere of practical science is not limited to this life. Now we obtain knowledge by study, by long and persevering effort — will it not be so in the world to come? Of course, that life will give us larger opportunities and larger rewards. The resurrection will expand our moral and mental powers, will introduce us to better teachers and carry us over wider spaces, but there will be no place and no reason for idleness. It is no part of God's plan, to pour truth and happiness into a mind that will not work. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" will be a no less pertinent inquiry amid the thronging facts and resplendent scenes of eternity, than it is now at the very beginning of human progress. NEWTON felt himself as only a little

child gathering pebbles on the shore of an infinite ocean. He has gathered many a pebble since he left this world, but the infinite ocean is before him still. MILTON, who "soared in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him," is soaring and singing yet. HUMBOLDT, whose feet have trod the mountains and valleys of this lower world, whose genius has swept the mysteries of sea and land, is going soon to explore that spiritual Cosmos whose mountain summits pierce the eternal skies, and whose oceans no bark has ever crossed. PAUL, who left the things behind him and pressed forward to better hopes and higher joys, is pressing onward still. LUTHER, whose mighty voice thundered through the cathedrals and cloisters of Rome, is still the obedient servant of faith, and is pushing his way over unlimited realms of thought.

What a world of thought and beauty is open to the intellect now! What "feasts of reason and flow of soul" are enjoyed here! What sweets are gathered from the flowers that fringe our pathway to the grave!—Who, then, shall estimate the fruits of that boundless sphere beyond? What happiness follows in the footsteps of every new discovery! What joy dances on the margin of every good deed! What exultant bliss seizes the soul in certain moments of worship!—Who, then, shall measure the result of the greater knowledge, the better deeds and the purer worship of the life above?

Again, Life in Eternity will be one of *endless progress*. This fact I have already hinted at; but now I state it distinctly: the future life will be a life of *endless progress*. Progress is a law of nature, and a law of mind. NEWTON, the philosopher, was first

NEWTON, the child. The angels in heaven were possibly only men and women like us, at first, but have grown to their present condition through long years of progress. Half the joy of knowledge comes in its acquisition; and thus, were it possible to reach the end of science, or to grasp the whole of truth at once, an important source of happiness would be exhausted.

It is progress, also, that gives variety and vitality to life. Without it, existence would soon be tiresome. Society would become dull, and truth insipid. Nothing besides progress could save us from intellectual and moral stagnation; nothing else could break up a most wretched and unwelcome monotony. If, then, progress ceases at death, if the mind can traverse the whole universe at a single step, and grasp all its infinite facts at a single effort, what assurance have we that the fu-

ture life will not be shorn of its charms? Is it said that eternity will be spent in praise for perfection already reached? in feasting the soul to satisfaction on knowledge already gained? — without a wish or a thought of any thing higher? It should be remembered that sameness begets *disgust* for even the highest pleasures. A strain of music, though it may charm for a while, tires at last, and its eolian softness is turned into discord. So a picture, a landscape, delights the eye for a time, but finally wearies. Prayer and worship fill the soul with ecstatic bliss during a limited period, but, if protracted beyond this, even they lose their spirit and interest.

Again, eternal progress is suggested by the marvelous developments of science. When we gaze through a microscope into a single drop of dew — so trivial a thing as that — a hundred of which lie glistening on



a morning flower or hang in beaded circles on a robin's breast, when we gaze into this little drop and find it peopled with myriads of organized creatures, the wonders of which outlast the efforts of earthly wisdom ; when we look through a telescope out into the unmeasured and immeasurable heavens, and behold millions of worlds with which our globe in comparison sinks into nothingness, suns that borrow no light from our sun, stars whose rays travelled with lightning pace and for many long ages before they twinkled in our sky — when we thus try to embrace the infinity that stretches over and around us, eternal progress appears not only *probable* but *necessary*. We not only feel the conviction that all the facts which lie imbosomed in those unlimited spaces cannot be seen nor comprehended at once, but we are also relieved from any doubt as to what shall oc-



cupy our attention during the ages that never end.

Finally. Our future life shall be one of *endless holiness and happiness*.

Holiness *precedes* happiness always. The pure in heart — and they *only* — see God. The good, the innocent, the loving, the kind — none others — enter the kingdom of heaven. Trusting in God's blessed promises, and trusting also in His universal law of progress, I look to the future for comparatively *perfect* holiness and *perfect* happiness. This end I expect not for myself alone, but for all the human race. And thus the future will be a world of *universal* holiness and happiness. I say this with more pleasure, and with more assurance, than all else I have said. That all men will be finally happy, is, to me, as certain as that all men will be immortal. As already stated, life is positive,

while death is negative, and therefore, the former will swallow up the latter. This is also true of good and evil, of holiness and sin. Good is positive, the essential, the inherent law and substance of things. But evil is negative. As mortality, therefore, will be swallowed of life — and *all* be life — so will evil be swallowed of good — and *all* be good. Sin is a disease, which must *finally* exhaust itself, and disappear. When *you* see a cancer at work in the human *system*, you know, and take pleasure in the *fact*, that it must come to an end, at last, because the source of its supply is constantly diminishing. So with sin. It accumulates its forces — its negative forces — and advances in its wretched work for awhile; but, having no immortal fountain of supply, it succumbs to the superior power of good, and finally terminates. In consequence of a wise

and beautiful arrangement of God, it cannot wear out the soul as the cancer does the body. The soul possesses a positive and recuperative power — a power which resists, aspires, and overcomes the sin, as immortality overcomes mortality. "*I have seen the wicked,*" says the Psalmist, "*in great power: and spreading himself like a green bay tree.*" *Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought for him, BUT HE COULD NOT BE FOUND.*" This we have all seen. The power of the wicked is *temporary*. However extensive, however injurious it may be now, it *must* pass away. We shall look for the wicked, but they shall not be found!

It is through the influence of this philosophy, that great minds are so often hopeful. LUTHER knew that Papacy must *die*, because he knew that Papacy is a *falsehood*. KOSUTH knows that "freedom must finally

prevail because freedom is a *principle* — and principles are *eternal*.”

The worst person is at last disgusted with the thought and sight of sin, and desires to turn from it; but the more one sees of virtue, the more he admires and loves it. We tire of bloodshed, of deception and suffering, but never of kindness, of charity. And thus

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

In all these hints, I see the prophecy of sin's entire destruction. It is not immortal — it must die. The sun that shines on the evil and the good, the stars that look down so gently on us at night, the earth with its impartial plenty and loveliness — all these teach me in language I cannot resist, that my dear Father in Heaven is not the author of ceaseless suffering. If the thought once enters my mind, a multitude of Angels which

God sends into sight, seem to stare on me a celestial rebuke. The woods are filled with birds that sing to me a happier song; the winds whisper to me a cheerfuller faith; the violet that smiles on the loved one's grave, suggests a better hope. My inner consciousness is startled at the assumption, and my reason recoils before such a doctrine. No sooner do I try to realize the awful result which the theory of unlimited punishment embraces, than I seem to hear the Saviour exclaim, Not so! — Not so! — “*I will draw all men unto me! I will finish the work which my Father gave me to do! I will search out and bring back the last wandering lamb, and there shall be but one shepherd and one fold.*”

These words of Jesus, then, are enough. He whose birth awakened a song in Heaven, and whose death was glorified with a prayer



for his enemies; he who descended to this world on the arms of *his* Father and *our* Father—who came with a loving heart and a kind word to the poorest, lowest child of humanity; whose tears wet the grave of Lazarus and flowed in pity for the guilty Jew; he whose sympathies like the beams of morning overleaped all barriers and dropped with impartial warmth on all the conditions of men; he who threw out his arms and took to his bosom the outcasts of society, that he might win them back to the path of virtue—this Saviour!—this impersonation of God's love!—this incarnation of Heavenly wisdom! has assured me that all shall be holy and happy at last—and that is *enough*! I *believe*—and *because* I believe, I *speak*. In the name of this Saviour, I beseech *you* to believe that, the destiny of our race is more glorious than mortals ever conceived. The



life which has now begun will never end ! Our thoughts, our affections, our hopes, our memories, and our individualities, will slide through the narrow passage of the grave, will enter upon higher and nobler conditions, but will never — never die ! Parents, children, husbands, wives, friends, neighbors, will all meet in that life — will gather in pleasanter homes and happier circles, and go on in their endless career of love and duty.

The *degree* of happiness enjoyed there, the rapidity with which each soul advances, will depend, doubtless, on the measure of our attainments here. He who studies, reads and meditates now, will have more *power* to study and meditate then. He who cultivates his social nature now, will take a higher position in social life then. The honest, the pure, the holy of this life, will start there at some distance beyond the impure and vile. But *all*

persons, from the highest to the lowest, will be the subjects of *progress* — of *endless* progress!

In what thunder tones, then, do these facts appeal to us to prepare for the future! If the endless to-morrows are to be so largely modified by the endless to-days, if the continual future is to be the outgrowth of the continual present, how immensely important it is that we fill up the present in the noblest manner of which we are capable. Remember always that Heaven is a *state* and has already begun — that Life is *endless* and has already commenced. And thus may you begin that prayer, that love, that worship, that thought which is destined to expand over all the measureless cycles of immortality.





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